THE BYSTANDER
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JULY 3, 1934

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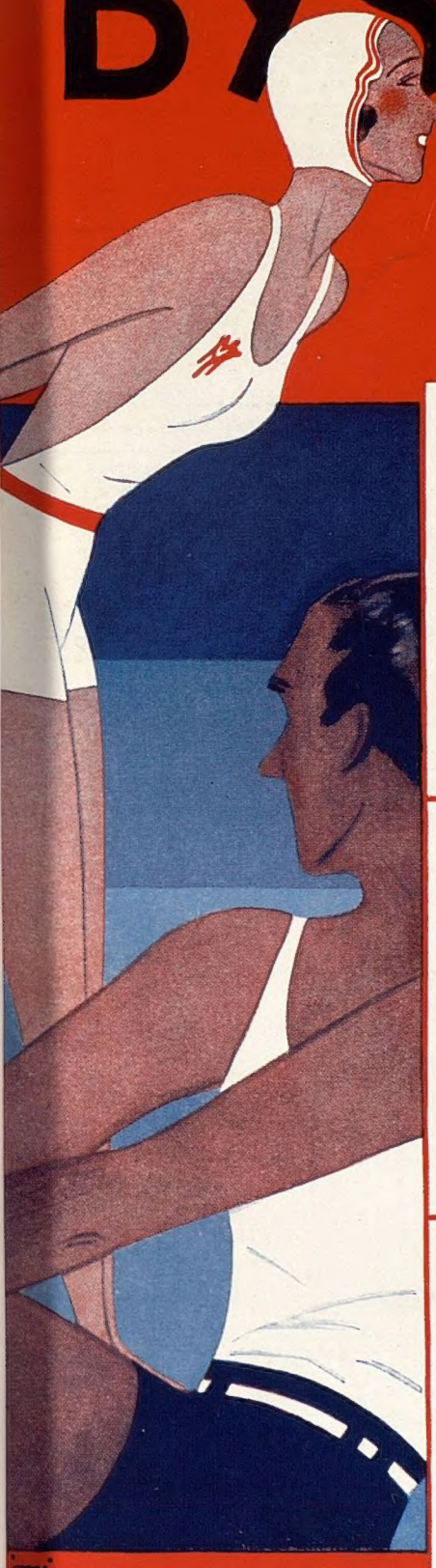

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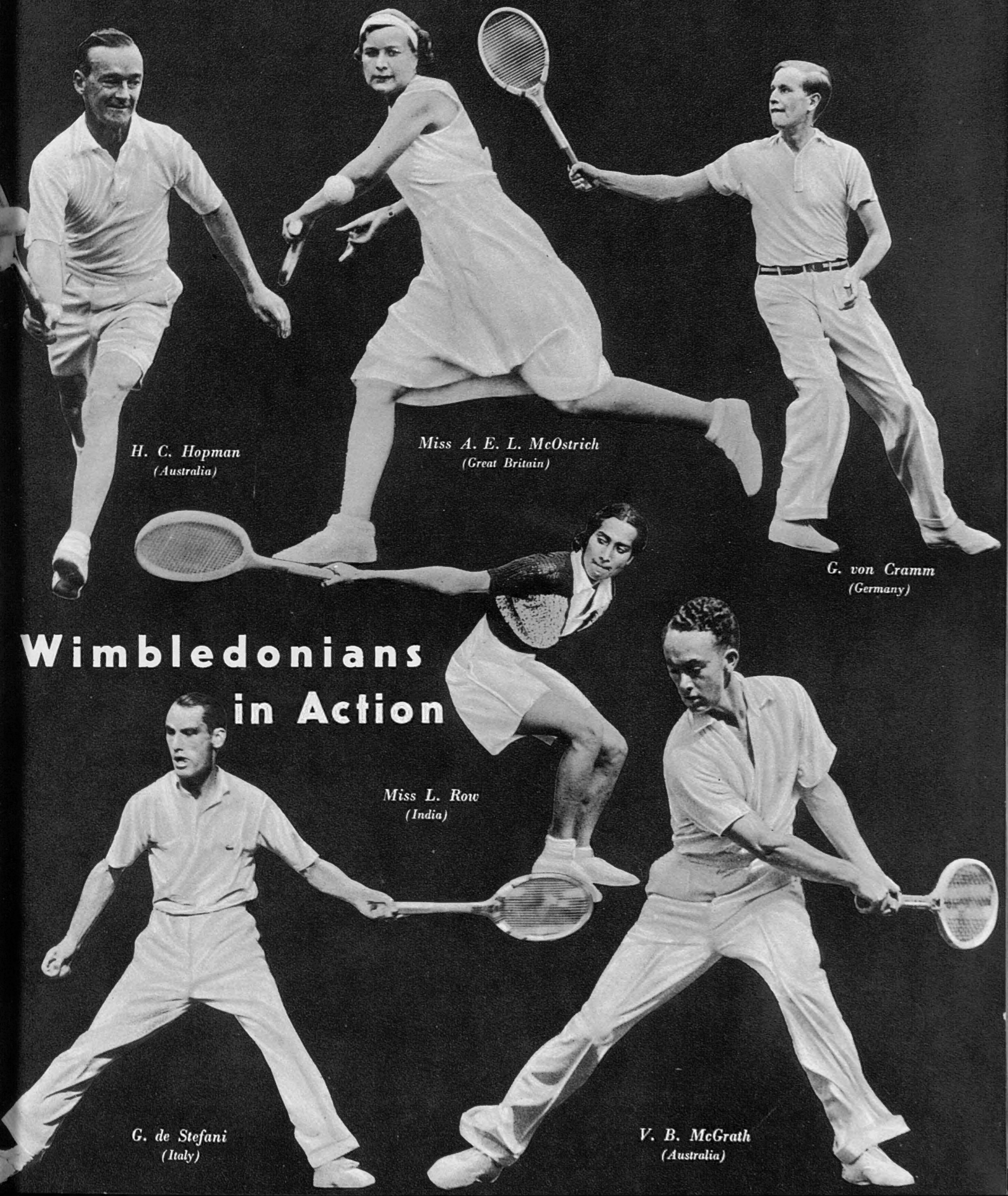

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(Australia)

Miss A. E. L. McOstrich
(Great Britain)

G. von Cramm
(Germany)

Wimbledonians in Action

Miss L. Row
(India)

G. de Stefani
(Italy)

V. B. McGrath
(Australia)

At Roehampton

Mrs. Teddy Hogg (Khé Stoop that was) and Miss Pat Ramsay at the pre-Wimbledon reception at Roehampton. They both did well at the Hurlingham Tournament, Miss Ramsay and her partner winning the Mixed Doubles

In Berkeley Street

Attractive Oriel Ross, who is playing the vamp in Dodie Smith's very successful comedy, "Touch Wood," at the Haymarket, photographed talking to Mr. M. A. Matita on the steps of the Berkeley Buttery around cocktail-time

What Would Mr. Boswell

Mrs. Thrale, toothache and all, sets her charms against the ponderosities of the great Dr. Johnson. The Hon. Mrs. Taffy Rodd and Mr. Shayle Gardner, take these parts in the Pageant of Parliament

ROUNDABOUT

So Much to Do Before the Season Ends

A Bart. on the Run

Left : Sir George Penny, Comptroller of His Majesty's Household, doing his early morning run round the lake in St. James's Park

Dancing Milkmaids

Watching the Stars

Above : Mrs. Cavis-Brown, Mrs. Holden-Haydon and Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey watching a match at the Roehampton Overseas reception

Left : Kathleen Binder and Pamela Jourado, daughter and niece of Mr. Binder, Chairman of the Inveresk Company, were two of the small dancers in Miss Vacani's matinée last week

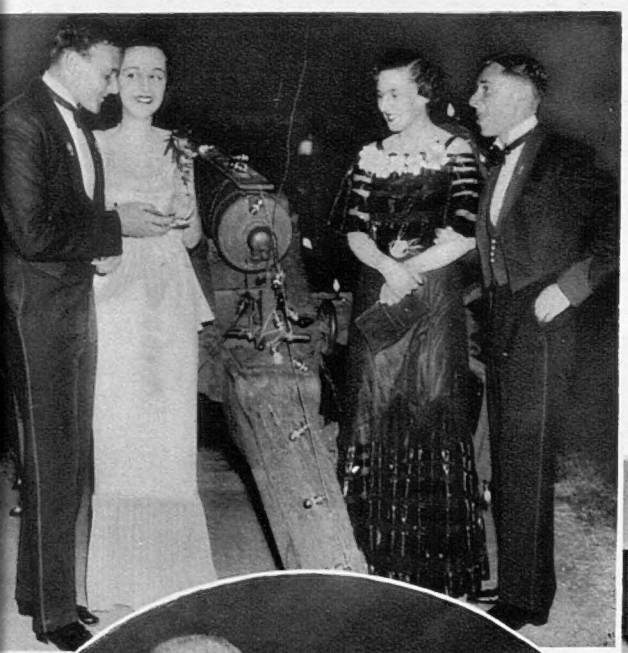
Peter North

Said to This?

After the Test Match, a Party

Sasha

Above: Mr. Harold Bushby, the manager of the Australian team, went to Mrs. Forrester Agar's dance after the defeat of his "boys" at Lord's. He is with Mrs. Shanks, Mrs. Agar and Mr. E. V. Lucas. He and Mr. Lucas came on from Sir Herbert Morgan's big dinner-party at Claridges.



Left: Mr. Strout, Miss Sheila Morris, Miss Fiona Carnegie-Brown, and Mr. Ross at the H.A.C. ball, held at Armoury House

Below, left: Colonel H. W. O'Brien, the Colonel of the H.A.C., and Mrs. Williamson

The Honourable Artillery Company at Home for Dancing

Wedding at St. George's

Mr. Graham Mitchell, son of Captain and Mrs. A. S. Mitchell, of Vectis Lodge, Bembridge, and Miss Patricia Robertson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Robertson, of 36, Seymour Street, leaving St. George's, Hanover Square, after their wedding

Left: Major Ernest Selby, Colonel C. B. Broome, Master Gunner, Tower of London, Mrs. Ernest Selby and Mrs. Colin Broome at the annual ball given by the Flank Companies, H.A.C.

Photographs by Arthur Owen

Below: Miss Joyce Kidston and Miss Caroline Bowes-Lyon were on duty together

Lady Frances Cole and Miss Daphne Mulholland were two of the programme-sellers, organised by Lady Alexander

Lady Anne Cole and Lady Georgiana Curzon are ex-debs whose names appear regularly on the "selling list"

Left: Lady Alexandra Haig, Earl Haig's eldest sister. The Matinée was held at the Hippodrome, and was in aid of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital

Programmes Please!

So Did the Sub-Deb, Deb and Ex-Deb Sellers at Miss Vacani's Dancing Matinée

Right: Miss Clementine Mitford and Miss Hazel Wilkie waiting for customers in the Hippodrome foyer

Miss Viva Bailey, Miss Kathleen Lamb and Miss Olivette Bailey are another trio of programme girls who sell every year

Right: Lady Doreen Hope, the youngest Linlithgow girl, and Lady Elizabeth and Lady Diana Percy, the Duke of Northumberland's sisters

Lady Margaret Egerton and her cousin, Miss Pamela Egerton, daughter of the Hon. Thomas Egerton, are both sub-debs; they are sixteen this year

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

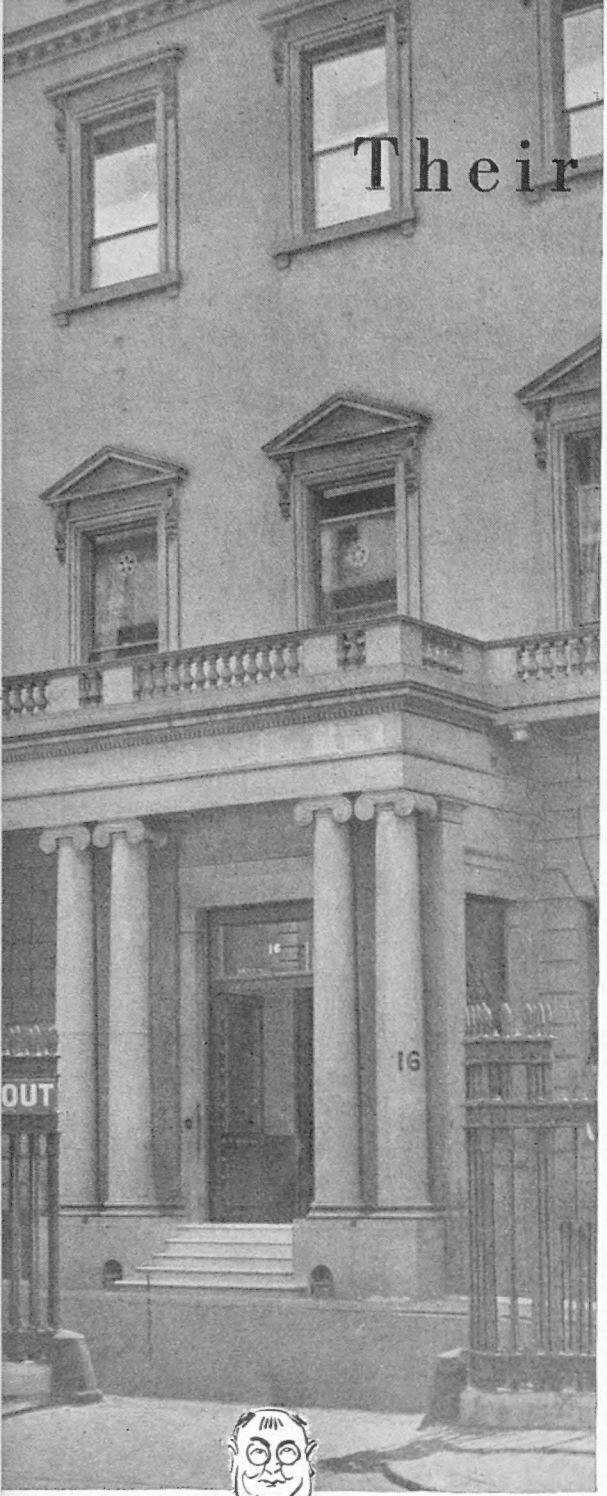
No. 57. Princess Mdivani

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

PRINCESS MDIVANI is a pet. She is also a raging beauty. Ash-blonde, with wisely unplucked eyebrows, magnificent blue eyes, a marvellous skin, and feet that are entirely comfortable in size two and a-half. She likes rubies, and collects jade and porcelain. She wears Chanel scents and clothes, but smokes the cheapest brand of Virginian cigarette. She has sweet manners and a very strong character, of which she is a remarkably good judge. She has to be, poor dear. Not that she is always unerring in the choice of her friends. But she usually finds out pretty soon. Her closest acquaintance in London, by the by, is Mrs. Morley Kennerley. Princess Mdivani has—in her engagement ring—the biggest black pearl in existence. She is frightfully happy with her husband—even to the extent of watching him play polo (tennis and swimming are her sole outdoor forms of sport). She speaks French perfectly. She reads every book she can lay her hands on about China, which she has visited three times. She is extremely generous, and when giving a present doesn't just go out and order it. She takes lots of pains, sparing neither trouble nor expense. She is a very loyal friend, never rude to anybody, and how astonished she will be to read this! For though, I fancy, she guesses I am a fan of hers, she never has nice things said about her in the newspapers. She adores Italy (" so much that it isn't a joke "), is fond of any kind of dog, and her favourite flower is a dark red rose. When being photographed she always turns her toes in—sheer nervousness. But then the former Barbara Hutton is uncommonly shy beneath her brave air of unconcern. (" Father told me I would get over it when I got married, but I never have.") In consequence she hates large parties, although she has to go to them and give them so often. She has been married exactly a year and ten days and is perfectly happy with her husband. I have no space to tell of the special fountain erected in the ballroom at the Ritz Carlton in New York for her coming-out ball, nor of the white coach in which she and her father toured India before her marriage. She is a grand girl, and I have only one fault to find: it spoils the effect of her exquisite rubies to wear so dark red a nail varnish. But, after all, they are hers and not mine.

C



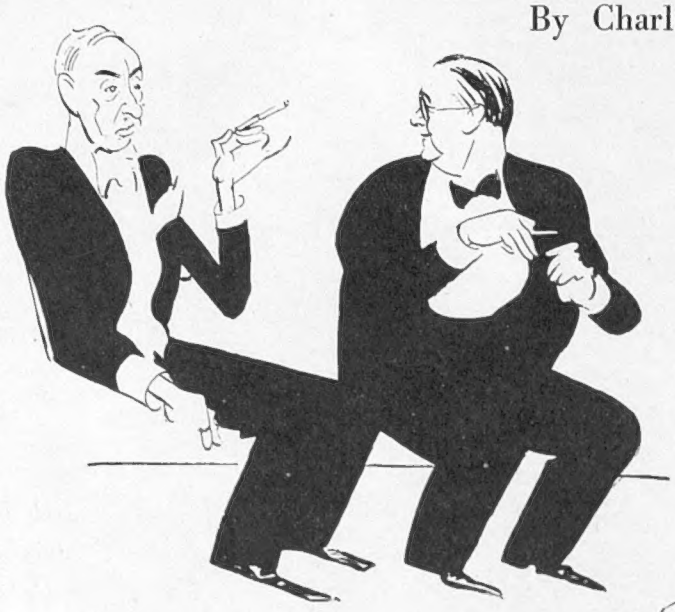
Their Native Heath . . .

Popular Rendezvous and Their Patrons

No. 1. CROCKFORD'S

By Charles Graves

Sketches by André Glee



Lord Wimborne and Lord Portarlington

Mrs. Teddy Thompson

Mrs. Renshaw

CROCKFORD'S is, without any question, the most "sumshious" club in London, with its silk room, ivory room, red room, parchment room, restaurant, cocktail bar, snack bar, and what-have-you (the latter including the lovely view of St. James's Park you automatically get from Carlton House Terrace). All told, there are eight hundred members, including some of the finest bridge-players and poker players of London. Take, for example, Sir Guy Domville, an individualist if you like, who leads a life of his own, makes it rather difficult for people to play contract with him, does not always wonder what the other fellow may be thinking, played against the Culbertsons, aged thirty-eight, looks twenty-seven, and has a charming smile. Or take Horace Renshawe, six-foot-four, never comes in at night, undoubtedly the best bridge-player in the country, looks ill, is not well, cannot be bothered to play in exhibition matches, married to a small, very clever, very good-looking wife.

"Tanner"

LADY RHODES is large, also blonde, good-looking, very quiet, with marvellous manners, and never apparently displeased with you. Mrs. Evers, very stolid, sexagenarian, never moved by disaster, may lack technique but makes up for it in stolidity. Lady Peacock, taught by Albaron (Suzanne Lenglen's business manager, I fancy), rather tall and dark, fond of dancing, with a natural flair for cards. Kenneth Hogg, very quiet, thinks a lot before he speaks or says anything, a highly cautious fellow. "Pops" Beasley himself, the kindly, white-haired presiding genius of the Club, with a lovely flat on the third floor, who occasionally looks bothered—who can blame him?—and is devoted to the piano.

COLONEL WALSHE ("Yarborough"), charming old gentleman, who is said to have played bridge even at Gallipoli. Lady Wadia, wife of Sir Cuss Wadia, who is said to be worth seven million pounds, and owns mills and things in Bombay. She is an ace poker-player, like Miss Weinberg and Mrs. Goetz. Albaron, who, with his friend, Aron, played plafond in that celebrated match against the Culbertsons, a small dark man, very acute. Aron, still smaller and darker, and possibly even more acute. Those are the top flight of card players at Crockford's.

Then the regulars, like the Duchess of

Roxburghe, one of the best-looking women who ever came from Chicago, devoted to flowers and gardening, who has the loveliest tulips, and wears her own white orchids, and plays at the big table. Lord Portarlington, husky-voiced, full of anecdotes, coming in after dinner, say, with Lord Wimborne. Thelma, Lady Furness, occasionally plays poker. Constance Collier comes in to talk. Dorothy Dickson comes in to eat and look pretty. Lady Dudley, the former Gertie Millar, eating healthily and enjoying her food. Mrs. Glorney playing bridge—probably to forget horses—bright and bird-like. Edward Robson, grey-faced. Big stuff. Plays high bridge, when not backing No. 5 at Le Touquet or Monte Carlo. Eddie Baron, dark and good-looking, member of the Portland, and a nice chap. The very good-looking Lady Lauderdale, plays poker. Major Charles Hezlet, another Portlander, who is hot stuff at bézique as well. The Rolo Brothers, Egyptian bankers, who play every game known. The small, round Goudsmit Brothers, Dutchmen, and good bridge-players. Joshua Crane, slight and spectacled, seen, for once, without his child's putter. John Hallett, what you call a free player, to be seen at the big game of poker, while his wife, the former Averil Streatfeild, plays in the small game. Jack Dalton, badly wounded in the war, son of the famous bridge expert, tall and dark and quiet. Herr Herbert, musical director of the Opera in Vienna, large, early middle-aged, very nice and quiet. Golfers, like Keith Thorburn, "Khaki" Roberts, who may have just run over from Marlborough Street, Dr. Wood-Hill, frequenter of the big poker game, Sir Alfred Butt, who plays at the small table, Mrs. Harry Carver, wife of the man who has won more money as an amateur golfer than almost anyone alive (Coombe Hill used to be his favourite course). Well, there you are.

MRS. DUDLEY GILROY is in charge of the five-shilling bridge room. Mrs. Teddie Thompson runs the big poker game—red-haired and full of charming blarney. Mrs. Phyllis Bosworth is O.C. the ten-shilling bridge game, and the lovely Mrs. Tooth runs the nursery poker. On Tuesdays and Thursdays they have half-crown partnership nights as well as the ordinary bridge. There are two schools of poker, the sixteen-shilling limit game and the four-pound limit game.

Col. J. G. G. Walshe

Right: Mrs. Dudley Gilroy and Captain Swann

Dr. Wood-Hill

Lady Rhodes

Left: "Pops" Beasley and Capt. Jack Dalton

Right: Mrs. Phyllis Bosworth and Mrs. John Hallett

Sir Guy Domville

Monday is settling day. Once a month there are duplicate games. Every now and then there are international matches between the Club and Belgium or the Irish Free State or Austria or Holland or somewhere.

I am surprised that the members ever like to leave the Club. I have never seen such panelling and inlay work and Moorish ceilings as were installed by the Cowdrays, whose house it was. The ebony staircase, the rose-coloured shades, the high, red-leather stools in the cocktail bar, the green-and-gold effect of the snack bar, the admirable food, and "Pops" Beasley himself, all make one regret very much that the lease has only another twenty-eight years to run, after which, no doubt, the Crown, who own the property, will pull it down, together with the rest of Carlton House Terrace, and erect a drapery stores. However, by that time, let us hope, we will all be dead.

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Little and Good

Sketches by Rouson

Strong, silent man: Arthur Wontner as a taciturn author on a pleasure-cruise

Strong, not-so-silent woman: Sybil Thorndike as a talkative lady-passenger on the same ship

A Double Bill at the Little

IN recent years the average dramatist has not troubled to write anything but full-length plays, for the reason that the market for anything shorter does not exist, and the curtain-raiser which preceded the pièce de résistance and was common enough in the 'eighties, now appears to be a thing of the past. This, I think, is a pity, because the one-act play gave budding dramatists a chance of seeing their work performed. By reason of the curtain-raiser, Pinero's name first appeared as an author on a playbill, and he was thus encouraged to continue and eventually make for himself a world-wide reputation.

The programme at the Little Theatre is interesting, as it shows two famous authors in light-hearted mood, exploiting this particular form of dramatic art, which, however, differs from the playlet of earlier days in that, though short, both Galsworthy's *The Little Man*, and Bernard Shaw's *Village Wooing*, are constructed in three scenes.

"THE LITTLE MAN" is an amusing satire which pokes fun at national characteristics revealed on a railway journey in Austria. There is the loquacious American, a lover of Tolstoi and of humanity, to which he gives merely lip service; the haughty pre-war German who counters Tolstoi with Nietzsche; an English couple who prefer to keep themselves to themselves; a nebulous Dutch boy, and some blundering Austrian officials, to say nothing of a baby belonging to a poor peasant woman, which finds itself bereft of its mother and left in the guardianship of a kind-hearted Englishman who gives the title to the play. It is really the baby, suspected of having typhus, who is the hero (or heroine), and the author's insistence on the baby's behaviour reveals once again that somewhat peculiar kink in the austere Galsworthian mentality which so surprisingly peeps out on occasions in his work.

Every part is well played, but chief honours go to Finlay Currie as the American, and Andrew Leigh as the Little Man, merely, I suspect, because the author has given them most chances. And now I am wondering who invented the latter character. Did Galsworthy first think of him, or was it the Inimitable Strube? for the little man on the stage and the little man in the famous cartoons are indubitably one and the same.

THE Shaw play, starting on the lounge deck of a pleasure ship, has a middle and end in a village shop, which is also a post office, and there are practically only two characters—one is an author who writes guide-books, and the other a Wiltshire woman in charge of a shop who, having won a tidy sum in a newspaper competition, "blews" it all in seeing the world on a pleasure-cruise.

The theme is an old favourite of Shaw's, the pursuit of man by woman; and in this case the bearded author, after buying the shop where the woman works, keeps her as his assistant, becomes genuinely Wiltshire by shaving his upper lip, and finally finds himself led as meekly to the altar as a sheep is led to the slaughter. Written with the usual delightful Shavian humour, this little play ripples along merrily, even though it contains at least one joke which no-one but Shaw (or a writer of revue) would dare to use. To trot out the antique joke about a postman being a man of letters, proves that vegetarianism and courage are closely allied. Nevertheless, Sybil Thorndike and Arthur Wontner got their laugh with it, and, whether on board ship or in Wiltshire, are perfectly at home. Well contrasted as they are, *The Little Man* and *Village Wooing* combine in providing an ideal summer's evening entertainment.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

Scene on an Austrian station, with "the little man" occupying the limelight for probably the first time in his life: the Dutch boy (Jonathan Field), the American (Finlay Currie), the Little Man (Andrew Leigh), the Austrian official (Robert Speight), and the arrogant German (Henry Victor)

Right: Mr. G. K. Chesterton talking to Mr. Nicholas Durham and his bride at the reception at Wilton Park, Beaconsfield. Mr. Durham is the only son of Mr. James and Lady Agnes Durham, of Raynham, Norfolk, and a nephew of Lord Townshend

Mr. Chesterton Sees it Through

The Wedding of Mr. Nicholas Durham and Miss Joy du Pre

Left: Miss Joy du Pre arriving at St. Teresa's, Beaconsfield, with her father, Lt.-Col. W. B. du Pre

Miss du Pre's four bridesmaids, who wore pearl-tinted satin and carried cream roses, were Miss Victoria Durham, the bridegroom's sister, Miss Esmé de Little, Miss Joan Grenfell, the bride's cousin, and Miss Elizabeth FitzRoy, a cousin of the bridegroom

Mr. Royds talking to Lady Churston and Mrs. Richard Herbert, the bride's two elder sisters, at the reception. Lady Churston was Miss Betty du Pre, and married Lord Churston early last year at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Lighted Awnings

The Beauty and Terror of London Balls

MAYFAIR MORNINGS are full of yawnings. . . . Those balls continue, some nights three-deep, and, in the words of the song, "they are beautiful yet terrible." If the real truth were known about them, a wave of sympathetic understanding would knit all classes even closer together. Old Mayfair inhabitants recall that the one consolation in the darkest hour of 1918 was that at least the London ball would never be seen again. Those tiaras! they said with a wry laugh—as the (C3) Claridge's waiter claimed their meat coupons—those absurd benches with dowagerly bosoms sown with pearls were gone for ever. In a land fit for heroines we would henceforward lead a simple, wholesome life. Ruined, of course, but wholesome. . . .

But all this was evidently premature. For at Lady Derby's the tiaras were as thick as leaves. Though the tiara of 1934 is on a very sporting chassis as compared with that of 1914. It is, in fact, a box of tricks, yet child's play to the modern lady's-maid, who, thanks to her Montessori training, has no difficulty in taking apart the component bracelets, brooches, ear-rings, clips, ornaments that make up its twelve-piece ensemble. Fragments of all our best tiaras see week-end daylight at Touquet, Wentworth, Sandwich. . . .

At Lady Derby's, they (the tiaras) were all sizes and shapes; Lady Honor Channon's a noble hedge of stones, and Lady Dufferin's a precipice; while those without wore diamond fillets or bands, like Lady Lisburne or Lady Jersey, who also wore a diamond necklace to match. . . .

MOTHER KNOWS BEST must be the explanation why it has been a season of triumph for the mothers. Watchers of the night have advanced several reasons for this:

(*a*) The mothers have first go at the family jewels;
(*b*) They dress better;
(*c*) Their hair is better shaped, waved and curled, and their make-up is on sounder principles.

I would add that they hold themselves better, having been trained in the pre-war finishing schools, where the young woman of family was made to walk with a book on her head, saying ma-a-a-a (try this on your abdomen).

Also, I think the mothers are less tired, for they have dozed beforehand at the Ballet. (Nothing like Covent Garden for relaxing the tissues.) At Lady Tweeddale's, one of the best balls last month, one exclaimed not "Lo! what a lovely girl!" but "What a lovely mother." There was Lady Lisburne, dazzling, with her grey hair, dark eyebrows, bright complexion and such lovely dark eyes! in apricot with a spray of real tiger-lilies to match on her shoulder. And there, too, Lady Linlithgow, in dark-brown chiffon with ostrich feather cape, the tallest mother of the tallest girls (so that you say, "meet me after the next; I shall be near Lady Linlithgow"). And Lady Winchilsea, chiselled features warmed by an amused expression, Lady Anglesey, vivacious in white satin, her sister-in-law, the Duchess of Rutland (a tulle-lover), and such a shining figure as Lady

". . . Finishing-schools where the young woman of family was made to walk with a book on her head . . ."

Right: (Top) The Countess of Oxford and Asquith
(Centre) The Marchioness of Linlithgow
(Bottom) The Countess of Rosebery

"Raw, ignorant mothers decide on their dance dates for the summer . . . in some huddle at the Women's Institute"

Rosebery, in black tulle-and-sequin dress with cape to match and many diamonds; her coal-black hair brushed till it shone, and the diamonds also brushed till they shone too. Our hostess, in a very steep tiara, received at the top of the stairs, her daughter at her side, according to the old tradition. The loveliest back in London in a very backful year was Madame Oliveira's, the Brazilian Ambassadress. One always seems to see her to advantage—like the Edwardian beauties who showed their profiles by turning away when spoken to, which led to unfortunate misunderstandings. But enough of the beauty, now for the terror. . . .

"So You 're Giving a Ball?" Yes; it 's so easy the New Way! My friends warned me to get the right caterer, otherwise the young men would leave; or, rather, they would not quite arrive, being warned as a result of enquiries as they alight from their dinner. Well, I sent for the caterer, and he turned out to be one of the most popular young men about town! Years of nightly suffering from unimaginative ball-suppers—post-mortem food resting in dishes of "caterer's silver"—had driven him to take the situation in hand. Now he is making a fortune. Any week the Sunday papers will publish his photo and career as an inspiration to men leaving Oxford.

He arrived with alternative menus: for only twenty-six shillings down (per head), I could have one of the best suppers of the year; band, house, champagne, flowers included. Or I could do the civil thing at 22s., or still be adequate at a pound, but below that I might meet with rude looks at next winter's hunt balls. At 17s. 6d. my best friends would avoid me (never telling me the reason). At 15s., I had better sail on the morning after for one of our more desolate Crown colonies. . . .

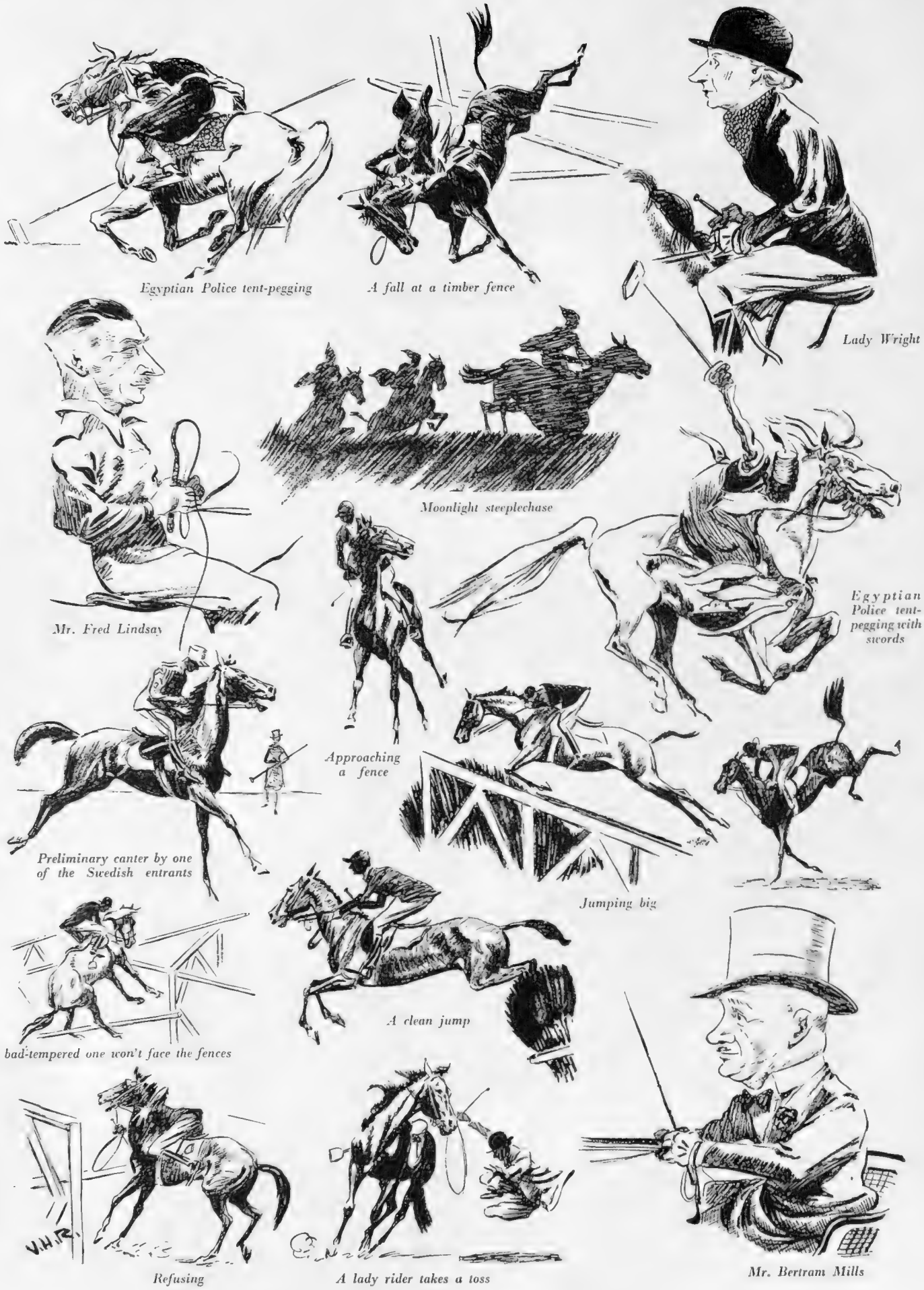
Defense de Doubler! See how they clash! Every January raw, ignorant mothers in the Shires decide on their dance-dates for the summer, arranging this amiably in some huddle at the Women's Institute. By March all the best little-knowns have "taken" every night of the Season. Lists of unfamiliar names are published weekly. Meantime, those big bad wolves, the historic hostesses and great ladies, are indifferent, abroad, asleep. April arrives: disregarding those printed lists, the Marchioness of X. blandly crashes her big ball (at X. House) into the most crowded week. Horror and consternation in the West Country. Mrs. Y., seeing her date-claim jumped, has an attack of vertigo, and writes to Lady X. (originals can be inspected at any time). Doubtless Lady X. had overlooked the printed lists of dance-fixtures, but Mrs. Y. was giving a dance that very night for her Hylda and couldn't Lady X. change her date, as it would be such a disappointment for the poor girl, who was so looking forward to it. . . .

Sit with Me on the chaperone bench for a moment. We are dwarfed by the dancing giants of the not-so-brave new world. That is, they would dance if there were room. They can just walk in rhythm and talk against the band (all *we* hear is *pom-pom waugh-waugh*). Who would guess at the crisis this morning when the hostess broke the news of the acceptance-total to her butler? She felt a little guilty and added "we might have an emergency drink-first buffet on the landing?" This suggestion was dismissed by the butler; how could he lift cases of Bollinger N.V. over the heads of guests? "If you 'll leave it to me, milady, we 'll manage somehow."

The London ball supper is a miracle! Even French visitors forget the next war in contemplation of the feat of feeding 800 in a dining-room that can't hold 100. Everyone eats unconventionally. Lady Oxford is operating on a hot quail (years of experience) and drinking lager; Lady Ann Hope is talking much and only sipping iced water; the solemn young man beyond is cracking two gulls' eggs out of a synthetic nest on the table: his partner sadly stabs unripe strawberries. At the next table a couple are so affectionate they can eat nothing, but smoke furiously in silence, and then both rush away past the screen marked "out." And if we 're wise, we go, too—out under the lighted awning to where Mr. Pinwhistle (sic) in top-hat and red waistcoat waves cars forward with his lantern—the cheeriest sight in Mayfair, the signal for home. . . .

Mirón.

"They just walk in rhythm and talk against the band"

Below: The Countess of Lisburne *Lady Helen Nutting* *Lady Honor Channon* *The Marchioness of Anglesey*

The International Horse Show: By Rouson

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Cricket Notes

WE sent our Miss Bethiah Snipp, our cricket-correspondent, to Lord's to report upon the Test Match, and she writes: "I was greatly impressed by the elegant ease with which Mr. Sutcliffe leant upon his bat during the overs, and also by the resplendent shine of his hair. I was also struck with the amazing speed with which the M.C.C. printed and circulated the match-cards. The composition of the two teams could not have been known much before eleven o'clock, and yet they were actually selling cards in our stand by twenty minutes past one. What makes this all the more astounding, as an example of organisation and efficiency, is the fact that the match-cards appeared only one hour and ten minutes after the evening newspapers arrived on the ground from Fleet Street, containing the very same news as the match-cards."

Impressions of the Day

"MR. BRADMAN," continues Miss Snipp, "throws the cricket-ball a most prodigious distance, but the rest of the Australians threw very wildly and only Mr. Oldfield's agility prevented many overthrows. Mr. Grimmett bowled with incredible guile for hour after hour. He looks a very old man, and it is freely rumoured that he is seventy-three. I myself would not put him older than sixty-six. A young gentleman named Bromley stood about a yard and three-quarters from the batsmen all day. I understand that Lloyd's quoted eighty guineas per cent. re-insurance against Bromley being reported a total loss before the match was over."

Major-General Thundereigh-Busterfield, whom we despatched, on the same day, to Lord's to write a few notes upon the ladies' dresses, handed in a Nil Report. "For some reason," he said, "everybody seemed to have gone there to watch the cricket and not to examine each other's frocks. Except for a few winsome little flounces, and a too, too sweet confection in the palest pink marquesette, my dear, too utterly divine, there really wasn't anything to see. So I sipped a gin and tangerinette—such a slinky drink, my angel—and went off to a dress-show."

"Play cards, sonny?"

Wisecrack

WRITING as we are, in the middle of the longest drought on record, we shall almost certainly have the mortification of seeing this paragraph appearing on a day of torrential tropical rain, with the gutters of Piccadilly roaring with rivulets, and motor-cars skidding about all over the place. However, that is one of the numerous risks of our hazardous trade. The point is this. An order has just been published that Rotten Row is not to be watered until the drought is over, and almost all the public streets had head-lines about "The Row to go dry." But where, oh where, are the wags of Fleet Street that they should have missed the opportunity of saying something about Dry-rot having set in. You see the idea? Dry-rotten Row. Got it? Good. Well, keep it for the next drought and then trot it out at the dinner-tables of Acton and Mitcham and Penge, or wherever it is you do most of your dining-out, and you will be more welcome than ever.

Musician's Help for Statesman

WE are not in any way concerned with the case of the singer against the B.B.C. which has been going on in the courts, but we would like to comment on the noble way in which Sir Landon Ronald, that eminent musician, has rallied to the rescue of one of our most famous and most respected of statesmen. "What is an intrusive H?" enquired counsel for the defence. "A dramatic gasp," replied Sir Landon. That explains everything, even the Ottawa Conference.

"This little piggy stayed at home . . ."

Danubian Dundrearies

SHALL the Buda-Pest cops wear whiskers? That is the problem which is racking Central Europe. The local Lord Trenchard has decreed that they must wear tremendous moustaches and whiskers, in order to frighten gun-men and gangsters. "But look here," cry the cops, "our best allies are our lady-friends [whatever that means, we ourselves do not pretend to know]. And our lady-friends dislike us when we look like a cross between Svengali and Tarzan. What are we going to do about it?" Up to the moment of writing, the answer has not arrived. But we understand that Lord Trenchard is sticking to his principle of, "Gents first, Convictions afterwards."

A Word on War-Memorials

SO Mr. Herbert Morrison, Socialist leader of the L.C.C., has won. Waterloo

The "Times" at Play

WE do not suppose for a moment that this is a case of Cause and Effect. We do not claim to have such a profound influence upon Printing House Square. But all the same, no sooner had we written a little paragraph last week about Wit in Newspaper Head-lines, giving as an instance the *Observer's* brilliant "A Plague on Both Your Blouses," than the old Thunderer suddenly became skittish and headed an article on the migratory habits of the tribes of Kurdistan, "Kurds on the Way." Not so bad, old Thunderer. Not so bad at all. Stick to it a bit longer and you'll be pinching our circulation.

Hokey-Pokey

IN our young days there was a charming and poignant little poem, ascribed by some to Matt. Arnold, and by others thought to have been composed by Coleridge while under the influence of camomile tea at midnight in a north-easterly gale. Its theme is the physical influence of certain Italian compositions upon the susceptibilities of the Nordic population of London, and it runs,

"Hokey-pokey, penny a lick,
The more you eat, the more you're sick."

This slanderous attack upon the ice-cream vendors of the sunny south has given rise to much speculation as to the derivation of the phrase "hokey-pokey." The defenders of the memory of the first hokey-pokey man, a certain Venetian named Santorelli, stoutly maintain that it is a Cockney version of "Ecco un poco," the generous Italian's phrase when he gave away a free sample. The opposing school of thought, however, insinuates that the thrifty little Italian urchins, on receiving their dollop of ice-cream, started back with a cry of indignant protest, "O che poco," "Oh, how little!" at the niggardliness of the ration. So far as we are concerned, we don't care two straws one way or the other.

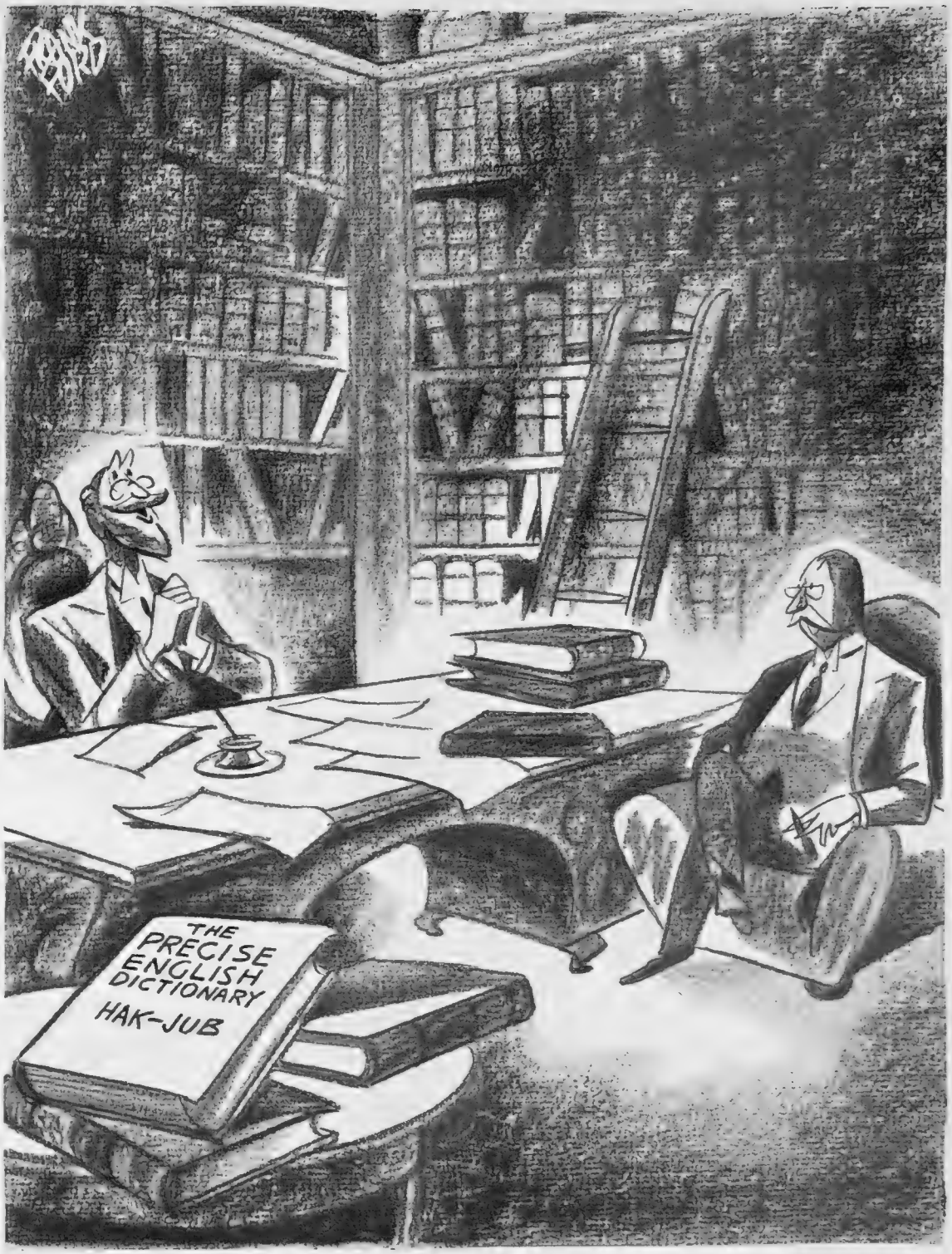
"What? Full dress again to-night?"

Bridge is being torn down. It was a good bridge. It was a beautiful bridge. But it must be torn down to show how admirable a thing is a Socialist majority on the L.C.C. It was a masterpiece by Rennie. Never mind. Take it away, and let us have a masterpiece by Morrison. It was the memorial for the British victory at Waterloo. Never mind. Tear it down, and replace it by a memorial to the Socialist victory at the polls. The terrific, immediate, problem is the building of a new bridge at Charing Cross. Never mind. Charing Cross is too difficult a problem. So let us solve it by tearing down a lovely old bridge somewhere else, and building a new monstrosity which will fling the traffic into the Strand that the Strand cannot cope with. Heil, Morrison.

(Now, now, printers. Go easy with that Heil. We don't want any funny stuff coming out next Tuesday.)

Dreary Corner

OUR little contemporary, *Razzle*, has gone pure: *Eheu fugaces*, which is the Latin for "where are the jolly jokes about window-cleaners peering into bedroom-windows that we used to enjoy in the 'nineties?" (That shows you what a remarkably compressed language Latin is.) We bought our *Razzle* the other day at the bookstall and settled down furtively in our third-class carriage to read it. Happening to glance up, we saw two Urban Deans, a Parochial Representative on a Ruri-Decanal Conference, three vice-presidents of the Bootle Conservative Association, and a corporal of women police, all reading *Razzle*. At first we were astonished at the broad-mindedness of our leaders of public opinion. Then we glanced through our own copy of the magazine in question. We went pale. We quivered. We gasped. *Razzle* had gone pure. Well, well, it is the way of the world. Start a grand, gargantuan, blazing, shout of laughter, and there is always someone who gets statutory powers to stop you. O, dreary world! THE BYSTANDERS.



"I fell in love with her as I was completing Hak to Jub"

THE OLD SCHOOL TIE

No. 5.—Harrow

The tie is of the deepest hue,
In fact, a proper cornflower blue,
Relieved—I think the term is right—
With charming little stripes of white.

THE School that's set upon a Hill
(Referring—need I say?—to Harrow)
Has been accorded ample praise
In epic prose and stirring lays
Which always thrill unto the marrow
Those lads whose headgear may be airy
But also looks ex-straw-dinary.

Though certain hours are spent, perforce,
In mental bouts with "tique" and "Jambi,"
The charms of "Ducker," Cricket, and
Of Football of a local brand
Prevent boys growing namby-pamby
And set their youthful feet in channels
Which lead to "fezes" and to Flannels.

So let us, then, salute the school
Where cricket's played once in the Autumn,*
And greet Harrovians who may
Be sunk in work or "skied" in play,
Whilst not forgetting those who've taught 'em
That, forty years on, Alma Mater
Will seem by then to be still greater.

B. W.

* The annual "Goose Match" is played in the Winter term.

The Débutantes Again

A Selection of Five

Lenare

Miss Florrie Owen

Florrie Owen is the daughter of Mr. Richard Owen, of Paris, and Mrs. du Pont Coudert, of Windlesham Hall, Surrey. Her aunt, Lady (Denzil) Cope, presented her at the Third Court.

Below: Virginia Barnato is the daughter of Captain Woolf Barnato and Mrs. Richard Wainwright. She was presented by her mother at the Second Court. She has trained at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art

John Everard

Miss Rosemary Waithman

Left: Rosemary Waithman is the daughter of Lt.-Col. R. H. Waithman, D.S.O., and Mrs. Waithman, of Thorncliffe, Wargrave. She was presented at the Second Court by Mrs. Hannen, Pat Hannen's mother

Lenare

Miss Daphne Henderson

Daphne Henderson is the younger daughter of the late Hon. Arnold Henderson, and Mrs. Henderson, who gave a dance for her at the end of May at the Ritz. She is a cousin of Susan Henderson

Marjory Lacey

Miss Virginia Barnato

John Everard

Miss Pat Hannen

Left: Pat Hannen is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hannen, and a niece of Nicholas Hannen, the actor. Her mother presented her and Rosemary Waithman at the Second Court. Her father is the late chairman of Holland & Hannen and Cubitt, who are responsible for running up many of the vast blocks of flats that have transformed London

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON

"The Bystander" in Society

Country Wedding

The Hon. William Alexander, Irish Guards, the Earl of Caledon's youngest brother, and Miss Hermione Buxton, daughter of the late Com. Bernard Buxton, R.N., and the late Lady Hermione Buxton, being piped out of St. Mary's, Luton, Beds, by pipers of the Irish Guards

Swaebe

Monseigneur Supper

The Hon. Mrs. Seely, Mr. Victor Seely's wife and Lord Rochdale's daughter, Major Salusbury-Jones, and Lady Ainsworth having supper in a party at Monseigneur last week

Party Frocks

Mrs. Kenneth Savory and Mrs. Godfrey Davis in garden-party dresses which have an Ascot-ish look about them

Mrs. Desmond FitzGerald

Mrs. FitzGerald was photographed outside the Farm House, Farm Street, where she and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Amherst Villiers (Mme. Maya de Lisle that was), gave a joint cocktail-party. Mrs. Desmond FitzGerald is one of the best-looking women that come visiting London from Ireland

IT has been decided by now that we quite won the second Test Match at Lord's. This was due to the prowess of the English side, the weather, and Verity, and in no degree at all to the bar-boys-batsmen-brigade who make such wonderful scores over a couple of "Hatfields" at Lord's. "Gerry" Weigall had, for once, a few words of advice to offer on the situation; it was only on asking him if he had lately escorted his pretty niece, Priscilla, to the Bobbin that he made the astounding statement: "Never heard of the place." I was reminded of it at the Monseigneur, when Mr. Michael Lafone was just leaving to begin his nocturnal secretarial duties, which presumably begin about 1 a.m. With him were Lady Idina Haldeman, Baroness Graevenitz, and Mrs. Raymond de Trafford (Alice de Janzi as was), all friends of their Kenya days. Memories of the Happy Valley must have been floating about; but that era has long passed, leaving the country in peace for the retired military. Lucienne Boyer, although most of the audience do not understand all her French subtleties, is a huge success. Thelma Lady Furness was with the ever-youthful Dr. Gavin, Lady Dalkeith was with a Kellett-Blandford group, and Captain "Rolie" Cubitt. Sir Ernest and Lady Wills, paying a most infrequent visit to a night club, had the surprise of seeing their chef and footman on the balcony.

MR. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST has temporarily left Claridge's for his castle in South Wales, St. Donat's, which was formerly the property of Lady Winifred Pennoyer. Not only Mr. Hearst himself has gone, but also his vast entourage of sons, daughters-in-law, secretaries, reporters, cars, and about 150 pieces of luggage. It will be interesting to see some of the reports of his many papers upon the Tilly Losch case: they should be over from America this week.

The Duke of Westminster has gone off to Norway salmon-fishing, Lord and Lady Furness have been at Baden-Baden, after a visit to her villa at Le Touquet, where Lord and Lady Manton have been staying with them. This week-end sees the rally there for the Buck's Club Golf Handicap. Sir Ernest and Lady Horlick are also at Baden-Baden, at the St. Stéphanie, so is Mr. "Eddy" Eily, who, from Hamburg, rang up a friend here, and said

Captain Tommy Graves in his usual good form at the Hotel de Paris, Bray

Above: a general "look-on" of the Hotel de Paris, at Bray, which was one of the evening haunts of Ascot week

Left: the Hon. Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth in the paddock at Ascot on Gold Cup Day, wearing black, with two silver foxes. Behind her are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny, she in pink and brown

GOING OUT TO

Sketches by

that he is off to Bayreuth to attend the opening of the festival, and is then coming to London. In Salzburg Mr. Sidney Beer is repainting the guest rooms in the Schloss Eigen, ready for the arrival of Lady Carnarvon, Miss Diana Forbes-Robertson, Mr. Francis Toye, Dr. Malcolm Sargent, and, possibly, Lady Dashwood.

THE Horse Show, Wimbledon, the Lord's Test Match—these alone should make up for the gap which must be felt by many who would still like to be wearing their Royal Enclosure badges. However, one can congratulate one house-party, at least, for having had the sense to call in a photographer, to perpetuate with his art the fact that the entire party had been admitted to the Royal Enclosure.

The Horse Show has been a great success this year, and has roused all its former enthusiasm in not only the "very horsey," which is a comfort. The displays given by the Cadre Noir (the Saumur Cavalry School) and the Egyptian Mounted Police have been outstanding features, as has been the parade of Veteran War Horses. The history of Warrior, Lord Mottistone's old charger, is romantic enough:

"Buried twice by bursts of big shells . . . dug out unharmed. Buried under a wrecked house, but scrambled out unaided. Has been hunted this year." Children enjoy the Horse Show as much as anybody; nearly all the juvenile competitors get a "mention" of some sort, if only a "isn't he a little pet" from some kindly old lady in the audience. Big personalities at the Show include the Duke of Beaufort, as the president, Lord and Lady Fortescue, two of the judges, General Tom Marchant, who organises the big "turns," also Lord Digby, Lord Westmorland, and Major "Pudding" Williams.

STRAVINSKY'S music has been well to the fore in the Ballets Russes at Covent Garden. In *L'oiseau de Feu* one had a glimpse of true fairyland on the stage, besides the glimpse one always can have looking round the audience. Regular attendants at the Ballet include Lady Melchett and Lady Kemball Cook; Lady Iris Mountbatten, who came with her father, Lord Carisbrooke, can be easily forgiven for muddling the two up, because their style of coiffure is remarkably similar, also, Lady Iris is only fourteen. Lady Birkenhead and Lady Eleanor Smith, two brothers Sitwell, M. Boulestin, and Mrs. Claude Leigh also attended to applaud *The Firebird*, which was done perfectly; Colonel de Basil's young ladies, Danilova, Baronova, Tournanova, and Riabouchinska, are deservedly a great success.

THE Ritz, which is bright always at luncheon time, but can rarely deserve that adjective in the evenings, had some of its nocturnal cobwebs blown away when over 600 guests arrived for Almina Lady Carnarvon's party. I am sure that every person who had ever been to Alfred House, her famous nursing-home, must have been there. Prince George and the King of Greece were among the guests. There was a juggler, over for the occasion from Paris, but nobody seemed to know his name, and it was very difficult to see him on account of the crowd. However, he must have been good, judging by the applause.

PRINCE GEORGE is attending the ball to-night at the Dorchester, in aid of the Dockland Settlements; Lucienne Boyer and the Mills Brothers are appearing. Lady Ravensdale, Countess Paul Münster, and Mrs. Ormond Lawson Johnston have done everything to ensure its success; the last-named gave a cocktail party for two hundred guests in her flat—and it did not seem to be crowded. Mrs. R. H. Twining reminds me that the Eton Ball is being held at the Dorchester again this year, on the first night of the Eton and Harrow match, which will be July 13th. All the profits go to the Eton Mission. Etonians should be learning up any forgotten words of the Boating Song, so as to be word perfect on that night.—MR. PEEPS

Above: Emir Abdullah of Transjordania, who is taking a good look at English life while he is here, was an unusual and picturesque figure in the paddock at Ascot

Above, left: Mrs. Hart-Davis, Mr. Jim Laurence, Lady Dashwood, who was wearing red, Lady Phyllis Allen and Mr. William Gardner, at the Ascot Ball at Wentworth

Miss Ulrica Thynne, in a tricky little hat, was lunching at Quaglino's with a friend

Sir Gerald and Lady Fiona Fuller—and where are a better-looking couple of young-marrieds? — were lunching at Quag's before going to watch the polo at Ranelagh

GOINGS-ON (Continued)

Molly Bishop

Woman to Woman

WE said we 'd tell you more about Ascot this week, so we 'd better keep to our word, although, by now, it 's stale news to everybody. The first people we saw on arriving on the second day were Prince George and Lady Carnarvon, sitting on a bench under the trees in the paddock. She was dressed in black. The most original and quite the most amusing hat of the meeting was worn by Lady Patricia Mackay. Mr. John Lawson, who escorted her, had to walk on her left if he wished to see what was going on under the hat, because the opposite view was completely blotted out. Lady Delamere wore her diamond clip on the brim of her large hat, which was an original idea, as she walked about with Sir Jock Buchanan-Jardine, as "picturesque" as ever. There was a large contingent of Stavordales (she looking charming in black and white), Jackson's and Münsters, together and separately, and plus and minus Weymouths and Hornbys every now and then. All immensely smart. An enormous number of people left racing early that day so as to see Aurora play Aldershot at Aldershot, and very exciting it was, too: six all when the final bell went, so extra time was given, resulting in Aurora winning by one goal. The Helmut Schroders brought over their smart house-party, plus Sir Alexander Godley. Major Jack Aird brought Mrs. Roland Cubitt. It 's world known that racing is not his favourite form of sport, so he was probably delighted to have an excuse to leave early.

THE third day's racing was not altogether pleasant, being exceedingly cold and inclined to rain, and those who had been foolish enough to wear trailing clothes got them spoilt. Miss Mary Cayzer had on a beige-coloured net which swept the ground, and you can imagine what the bottom of it was like by the end of the day: festooned with damp and discarded "Tote" tickets, and that wasn't all. The last day was better, but a howling gale, which spoilt a lot of people's fun, as hats flew hither and thither. Miss Priscilla Weigall looked most attractive in a printed dress of daisies, and was walking about with Captain Henry Carden. We like Ascot because we can always read people's names if we don't already know them. It makes it all so much easier.

OF all the Club Tents at Ascot the best-run and most popular was Buck's, where we bumped into all our hard-riding and racing friends. Major and Mrs. Jack Harrison we saw there with various friends and lots of relations, including Captain Pilkington, who was celebrating his winnings (or drowning his sorrows possibly) in company with his attractive wife. We also saw Major Geoff. Harbord, always with the best-looking girl at the meeting, and sometimes the same one twice; Mr. Dickie Herbert and Miss Nan McGowan were lunching there one day with the Morgan-Joneses, and Lady Helena FitzWilliam and Mr. Peter Beatty were together. Talking of Beattys, we hope they had a big bet on Gold Bridge in the last race of the last day, just to make themselves quite contented before setting off for home.

THE dress rehearsal of the International Horse Show (we can't get away from hocks and withers this week) was a terrific affair, witnessed by the Duke of Gloucester, who is Patron and who had been to the dinner before in the same party as Mrs. Myrtle d'Erlanger, Prince Gustaf Adolf, who is riding for Sweden in the Show, innumerable Excellencies and Cabinet Ministers, and goodness knows what not. Lady Patricia Latham was sitting with her father, Lord Drogheda, watching the twenty-four veteran war-horses being led round the arena by twenty-two grooms and two Peers, headed by Lord Digby, who had also been at the dinner — hence his medals — proudly escorting his old mare, Kitty. Last, but by no means least in the procession, came Lord Mottistone and Warrior, who, considering his years, behaved in a somewhat childish manner.

WE blew into the Ritz the other morning to have a "look see" and knock back a quick one before lunch, and there we saw Lord Blandford wandering about with first one Cottesmore Paravicini and then the other, and finally ending up by giving Miss Monica Sheriffe a drink or two. Lord Feversham was there, too, with about half-a-dozen friends, and Mr. Dickie Hirsch and his brother, Major Jack Hirsch, who is home on leave from India, were also to be seen.

MRS. PEEPS

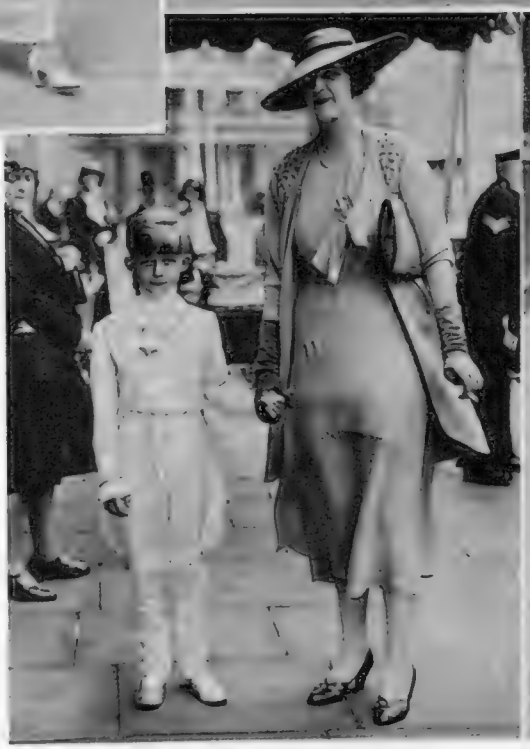
Above: four of Miss Boot's bridesmaids, who wore pale-blue crêpe, shot with silver: Miss Ann Warre, the Hon. Anne and the Hon. Mary Boot, sisters of the bride, and Miss Cecile Rankin

Left: Mrs. Peter Horlick arriving at the reception

Above: Lady Jean Mackintosh leaving the reception, which was held at 43, Belgrave Square

Left: Miss Helen Greig and Miss Moira Hunter were two more of the good-looking people at the Norman-Boot wedding

Below: Sir Oliver Duncan and Mrs. Arthur McGrath (Rosita Forbes) in Belgrave Square



Mr. Willoughby Rollo Norman, son of Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Norman, and the Hon. Barbara Boot, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Trent, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster

Wedding of the Week

Mr. W. R. Norman and the Hon. Barbara Boot

Right: Mark Norman, and his mother, Mrs. Nigel Norman, whose husband is Sir Henry Norman's eldest son. Mark Norman and his brother, Desmond, were Miss Boot's two pages

MRS. JOHN MASON

A portrait by Molly Bishop of one of London's most typical young-marrieds. Mrs. John Mason (Diana Coventry that was) has exactly the fair good looks that only England can produce, which is as it should be, since her family belong to that most uninvaded of counties, Worcestershire. Her mother, as a matter of fact, is American, and was Miss Lily Whitehouse, of Newport, U.S.A. The Masons were married just over a year ago, and have a house in Embankment Gardens, Chelsea

MARRIED—

Mrs. Richard Herbert

Mrs. Jack Coats

Lady Susan Askew

Mrs. Richard Herbert *was Miss Marjorie du Pre, and is a daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. du Pre, of Wilton Park, Beaconsfield. She married Mr. Richard Herbert, a nephew of the late Lord Treowen, in 1927*

Mrs. Jack Coats *was Miss Betsan Horlick, before her marriage at the end of last year to Mr. Jack Coats, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Coats, of Sundrum, Ayrshire. She is the younger of Sir Ernest Horlick's two daughters, and is twenty this year*

Lady Susan Askew *was another of last year's brides; she married Mr. John Askew, who is in the Grenadier Guards, last November. She is the fourth of Lord and Lady Ellesmere's six daughters, and is twenty-one*

Right:
Miss Sarah Churchill

Photographs by Claude Harris, Elwin Neame, and Peter North

—and SINGLE

Left:
Miss Marion Marling

Miss Shelagh Morrison-Bell

***Marion Marling** is the younger daughter of the late Sir Charles Marling, and sister of the Hon. Mrs. Taffy Rodd. She was assistant organiser of the Pageant of Parliament, which is now on at the Albert Hall*

***Sarah Churchill** is the second daughter of the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P., and is twenty this year. Her elder sister is Mrs. John Bailey, and she has a younger sister, Mary, who was born in 1922*

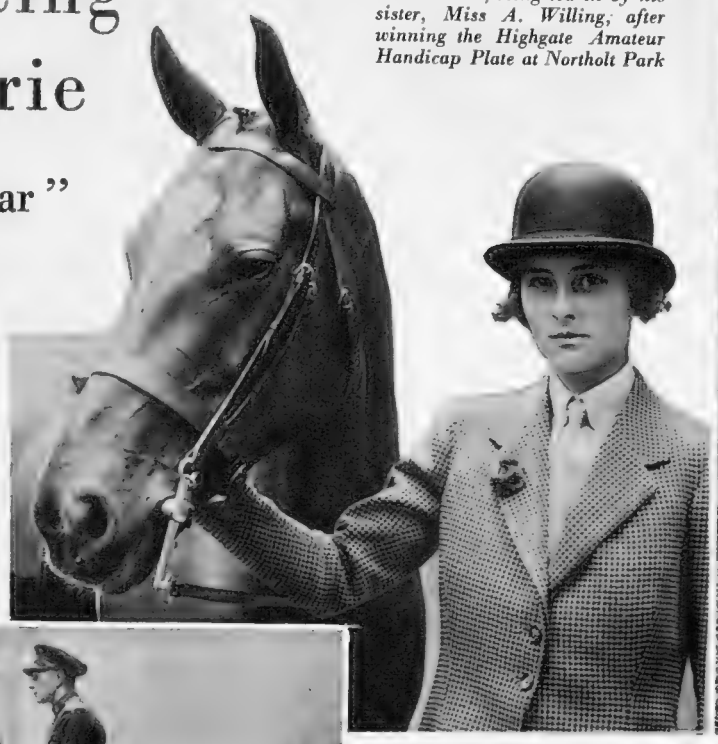
***Shelagh Morrison-Bell,** Sir Clive and the Hon. Lady Morrison-Bell's elder daughter, is twenty-one, and has been seen around a lot in London this season. Her family have a house in Montague Square. Her sister, Patricia, will be coming out in two or three years' time*

TORSO

A Camera Study by John Everard

A Racing Reverie

By "Regular"



Right: Miss Penelope Mitchell and her horse, Wonder Star, at the International Horse Show at Olympia. Her father is Mr. F. H. Mitchell, Assistant Private-Secretary to the King

Right: Mr. F. Willing, on Last Favour, being led in by his sister, Miss A. Willing, after winning the Highgate Amateur Handicap Plate at Northolt Park

Lieutenant J. A. Talbot-Ponsonby, 7th Hussars, on Best Girl, the bay mare on which he won the King George V. Gold Cup at the International Horse Show. He made the only clear round in the final test. He has won the Cup twice before, in 1930 and 1932

WHENEVER I hear of a jockey being dissatisfied with the criticisms of the Press I wonder what he would do if he were a first-class cricketer. Every now and then I get ever so bold and suggest that perhaps Richards came too soon, or Wragg too late, and next time I go racing I am regarded with black looks, and people point at me with awe in much the same way as we used to point at some daring boy at school who 'd stolen the headmaster's cane.

"COVER POINT," "Long Stop," and, in fact, all the gentlemen who write about cricket, however, are decidedly outspoken; and I read that some of our leading cricketers, instead of trying to win, "scratched about like a lot of old hens." Just imagine, dear readers, if Uncle Regular wrote that about Joe Childs or Harry Wragg. Would the fat be in the fire? I 'll say it would.

ANOTHER paragraph which appealed to me very much was: "We might not have lost at Nottingham if some of our batsmen had not behaved like rabbits faced by a snake." Substitute Ascot for Nottingham and jockeys for batsmen, and wait and see what a nice fuss there would be.

OH, no! jockeys are above criticism. You can call our boxers buffoons, our footballers funks, our cricketers chickens, and our politicians pettifogging, but you mayn't make jokes about the jockeys.

JOCKEYS always ride superb races. They are great at the gate, and fine at the finish, and, judging by the number of times a jockey is said to have ridden the race of his life, he must have more lives than a cat; altogether, a very remarkable little man.

ASCOT finished up in a blaze of glory, and a sea of sentimentality, with the victory of those two wonderful old men, "Steve" and Brown Jack. To be reduced to the verge of tears is the nearest approach to bliss attained by the average English man and woman. Brown Jack, assisted to some extent by the Champagne Bar, made a number of us very happy.

So much has been written of Brown Jack that there is very little left to say. Possessed of legs of iron and a heart of gold, he has been the most wonderful racehorse of our time. Never again shall we witness such a scene as that which greeted his return to the unsaddling enclosure—the most popular racehorse of all time, he carries into retirement the affection of all those who profess to love a good horse.

LONG ago, Brown Jack was condemned to celibacy, but perhaps he will be no less contented for that, and there is no fear of his ever forfeiting his right to a voucher for the Royal Enclosure. I have no idea how he will spend the remainder of his days, but I feel sure that Sir Harold Wernher and Ivor Anthony will see to it that he has a rare old time.

MAY I humbly suggest that Mr. Shaw Kennedy should retire his gallant mare Nisitchin also? Mr. Shaw Kennedy is a young owner and youth is often a stern taskmaster. Nisitchin has served him nobly, and although her courage is still undaunted, she is no longer physically capable of lasting out such a race as the Alexandra Stakes; she returned to the paddock in a pitiful condition.

HAD Mr. Shaw Kennedy been interested in breeding, Nisitchin would no doubt have been retired to the paddocks after her triumph in the Cesarewitch two years ago. After such a long and strenuous career it is doubtful if she would ever produce anything worthy of her gallant self, but surely she has earned a rest from her labours.

IF I were an American curio-hunter I should offer Frank Butters a very large sum of money for Felicitation's hood, surely the most remarkable piece of harness in the world. Without it Felicitation was a very moderate horse, with it, he is a world-beater.

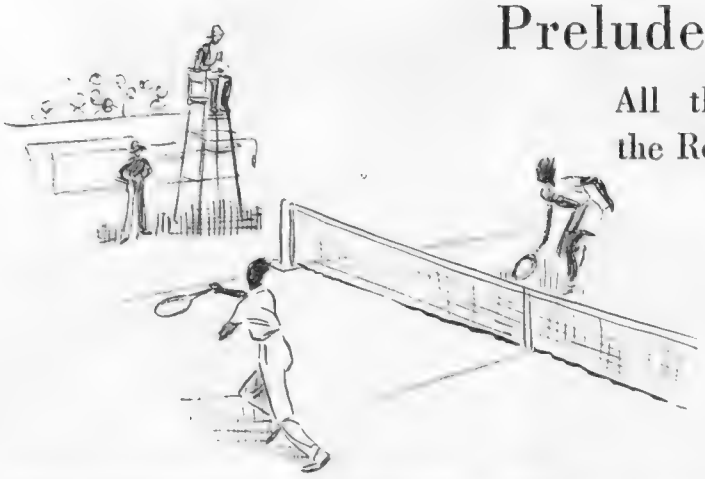
I HAVE seen a good few Gold Cups, but never have I seen anything to touch Felicitation's performance last Thursday, and I unhesitatingly place him as the finest natural stayer I have ever seen.

FOR a horse to go off at such a pace, and run away from the opposition, which included the best stayers of England, France, Italy, and the United States, in the way that he did, stamps him as a wonder horse. The Aga said that he had not believed that such a perfect galloping-machine existed. Nor had I.

WE now have a delightful week in front of us (sartorially, at any rate) on the July course at Newmarket, for in this delectable spot we can wear what we jolly well please, and no-one will look down his nose at us. Members of the Jockey Club arrive looking like "Backwater Berties," while other no less illustrious folk turn up as if they were going to enjoy a pleasant half-hour at the nets. It is all delightfully informal, and only requires a spell of hot weather, and hot favourites to oblige, for it to be just about the nicest meeting of the year.

Prelude to Wimbledon

All the Internationals at the Roehampton Reception



Right: three Great Britain players having tea together: Peggy Scriven, C. R. D. Tuckey and Susan Noel. Miss Scriven and Mr. Tuckey are mixed doubles partners

Left: an American foursome was made up by Sydney Wood and Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Williams, three U.S.A. players, and Mrs. Sydney Wood

Below: Mrs. Summer, Mr. Cunningham, Miss Geydle, and Mary Heeley (Great Britain) and V. G. Kirby (South Africa), who are partners in the mixed doubles

Photographs by S. E. K. Richardson

Virginia Rice, a young U.S.A. player, E. Maier (Spain), beaten in the second round by L. Hecht (Czechoslovakia), and M. Bernard (France)

J. Leseur (France), who was beaten by J. Yamagishi (Japan) in the second round at Wimbledon, and Mlle. Adamson (Belgium), knocked out by Mrs. Mellows (G.B.). J. Leseur plays with Mme. R. Mathieu in the mixed doubles

Another quartet at tea [illegible] Mathieu (France), and A. [illegible] American seeded player, L. R. [illegible] Legeay met V. G. Kirby in [illegible]

Below: Miss F. James (G.B.), who beat another English player, Mrs. G. G. Honeyman, in the first round, and Mr. Summers

Above: H. W. Artens (Austria), who beat H. Timmer (Holland) in the first round at Wimbledon, but was then beaten by C. Boussus (France), is with Mlle. Adamoff (France) and Miss J. Ingram (G.B.)

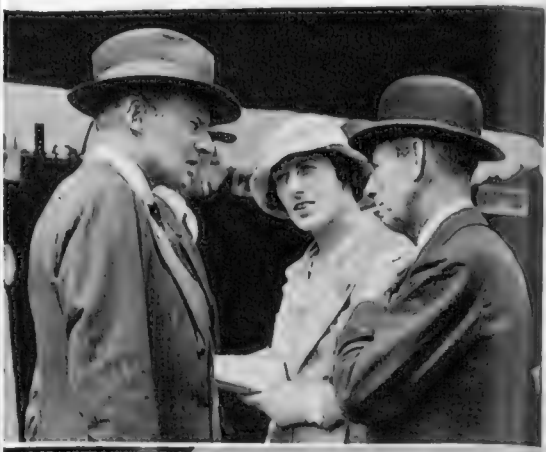
Left: A. J. Kyburg, Miss Rhona Bayer, H. C. Fisher (Switzerland), Miss Beryl Bayer, and M. Ellmer (Switzerland). Both the Swiss players got through the first round, but Ellmer was beaten by the American, S. B. Wood, in the second

Right: Jacqueline Goldschmidt, the young French player, and Mary Hardwick (Great Britain)

ernard (France), P. Grandguillos (Egypt), Mme. geay (France). The Egyptian player met the the first round, and was beaten 6—2, 7—5, 11—9. und and was beaten 4—6, 6—4, 2—6, 7—5, 6—0

K. C. Gandar Dower and Billy Yorke (G.B.), C. E. Malfroy (New Zealand), Mrs. Irwin, Mrs. Freeman and J. F. G. Lysaght (G.B.). Gandar Dower was beaten by H. Nishimura (Japan) in the first round of the Singles. Malfroy and Lysaght both got into the third round

Below : Lord Londesborough and Miss M. Lubbock, Joint-Masters of the Blankney, and Major Gordon Foster, Master of the Sinnington, who was judging



The Peterborough Foxhound Show

Mrs. Wellesley-Wesley, whose husband has been Master of the Isle of Wight since 1933, and Mrs. David Lycett Green, wife of the Master of the York and Ainsty South, at the fifty-second annual hound show at Peterborough

Sir Peter Farquhar, Joint-Master with Sir William Bass of the Meynell, talking to the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Hardy

Goings On Out of Town

Right: Capt. Sir Harold Nutting, Master of the Quorn, and the Duchess of Beaufort

The Lords v. the Commons

Above : Mrs. Munro, Mr. P. Munro, M.P., and Lord and Lady Blandford, who beat them by 5 and 4. The Lords won the tournament by eight matches to none

Right : a group of pageanteers at Attingham, Shrewsbury, Lord and Lady Berwick's place. In the group are Miss Lovekin, Mrs. Goff, Mrs. Gowan Cross, Mrs. Heyward, of Pickerton Court, Miss Daphne Hawkins, Mrs. Aris, of Belvedere House, Mr. Robert Bromley, Miss Cohen, Condover Hall, Mrs. Thornton, Miss Batho-Couth and Mlle. Box. The Pageant is being performed at Ludlow all this week

The Shropshire Historical Pageant at Ludlow

The Passing Picture Show

Romance and Comedy

By Sydney Tremayne

"Together We Two"

Gustav Fröhlich and Annabella in a scene from "Together We Two," which is at the Curzon with "The Guardsman." Annabella is saved from suicide by Fröhlich, they fall in love, and the rest of the film shows their struggle from utter poverty to comparative security

"Change of Heart"

Charles Farrell and Ginger Rogers in the new Gaynor-Farrell picture, "Change of Heart." Ginger Rogers is the hard-headed blonde who wrecks the young man's life, after which Janet Gaynor steps in and repairs the damage

"*Change of Heart*"

JANET GAYNOR and Charles Farrell together again, but with something of the glamour missing, perhaps because the characters and situations are banal, perhaps because Janet's chin-line is no longer quite youthful enough to accord with sustained wistfulness. If you call it a story, it is about four young Americans who start out to conquer New York. The young man, who wants to be a singer, is in love with the girl, who wants to be a writer (the gay and good Gaynor). It is not quite clear what was the ambition of Farrell beyond making a fortune sufficiently large to support the evidently expensive blonde, played by Ginger Rogers. They are reduced to taking any work they can get. Janet actually helps an old body who combines a second-hand clothes with a second-hand baby business, bluffing the vendors of imported gowns into adopting unwanted children. This struck me as the most original note in the film, but then I have no list of American trades and professions! The blonde "quits," lured away by the wealth of a young man belonging, supposedly, to the fast and fatuous class. Farrell's heart is broken, and it takes the form of pneumonia. Janet nurses him back to life and they marry. Then the blonde returns to the attack. I would not spoil the "suspense value" by telling you how it ends! The best line: "Crooning! Why don't they call it something else and save its face."

"*The Guardsman*"

LYNN FONTANNE and Alfred Lunt in a lovely, light and subtle comedy. Lunt is the jealous actor-husband of a temperamental actress. Imagining that her roving eyes sparkle more brilliantly when they light on a uniform, he impersonates a Russian Prince, gorgeously Cossack, and tests her fidelity by seeking to become her lover in this fantastic disguise. His performance is the essence of excellent burlesque. Lynn Fontanne, in spite of the fact that the camera is less kind to her than limelight, is so finished an artist that to the end there is a delightful uncertainty about her motives, her morality and her credulity. One shares the husband's perplexity. Roland Young, as the husband's confidant and friend, is a joy to watch and to listen to. His every intonation is perfection and he emphasises the comedy with unobtrusive mastery. This brilliant and amusing film is being shown at the Curzon.

"*Together We Two*"

THE other half of the Curzon programme, with Annabella and Gustave Fröhlich in the chief parts. Annabella is inevitably charming, but Fejos, who directs, does not extract from her the subtle, ingenuous fascination which marked her performance under René Clair, and Gustave Fröhlich is almost too debonair and incessantly smiling. One feels that there has been some linguistic difficulty (the dialogue is in English), and there are silent sequences that seem a little long and, in the American sense, noticeably "dumb." *Together We Two* concerns the adventures of two penniless young people. He rescues her when she attempts suicide and saves her from prison by guaranteeing to look after her. Their love for one another and efforts to earn enough to buy a taxi form the theme of a light and attractive picture, which just fails to combine emotional with pictorial appeal. The final scenes, when all the neighbours subscribe to pay the instalment on the taxi while he is in hospital, and assist at the triumphal first joy-ride, the car packed with children, Annabella, lovely in muslin, derive from the René Clair tradition, and are the best in the film, but one seems to wait rather a long time for the successful finale.

"*Over The Garden Wall*"

A REFRESHING comedy about a girl and boy love-affair. Bobby Howes is the boy and Marion Marsh, who made her début as Trilby to John Barrymore's Svengali, is an almost incredibly ingénue. It seems a little strange to see Margaret Bannerman, so golden-haired and soignée, impersonating the indignant and wealthy aunt of Bobby Howes, but even aunts can be young and attractive nowadays, and she plays the not very strenuous part extremely well and adds to the decorative scheme. The business about the girl next door, to which the title gives the clue, is lightly handled and efficiently presented.

"*It's A Cop*"

WE have not quite reached the silly season, but with all this water-shortage and test-match depression it is well that comedy should be prevalent in the cinemas. Sydney Howard, as the most fatuous and henpecked of policemen, is an excellent antidote to pessimism. He slides or glides (or however you describe his characteristic method of propulsion) through the rôle of P.C. Spry with ease and aplomb. The best line in the film, in answer to his reproachful wife: "Stripes! You think of nothing but stripes. You ought not to have married a policeman, but a zebra." A little hard on the players who have to pretend seriously to be crooks, including Donald Clayton Calthrop in one of his furtive, frightened impersonations.

Five Celebrities Who Watched the Second Test Match at Lord's

Mr. Frank Mann, the Middlesex ex-captain; Mr. Archie Maclaren, ex-captain of England; Lord Tennyson, the Hampshire ex-captain; the Earl of Ellesmere; Viscount Dunedin

What Australia Can Teach England

By "Finger-Spin"

ONCE more it is the story of a Test Match—this time after the first two days at Lord's—and of Test Match players. International matches certainly are not the be-all and end-all of cricket, but when an Australian team is in this country they have a habit of setting a standard of technique which demands discussion, and which, if only our players would open their eyes, should set an example. There is a smug belief among many people in this country that all the joy of the game, by which one implies fast scoring, energetic bowling and keen fielding, is confined to players who are English. People who have never been to Australia talk in a rather patronising way of the hideous boredom of matches which are played to a finish over there, as if they were something quite remote from what they call "the great game of cricket, which we, etc., etc." Your typical Australian cricketer, before he comes to anywhere near the top of the tree, has served a most severe apprenticeship. He has begun as a little boy, sometimes in the most elementary of backyard surroundings, gradually, as he grows older, playing in circumstances more approaching to those of club cricket in this country. Throughout all this he has been impelled by a love of the game every bit as sincere and earnest as the keenest of Saturday afternoon players in this country—and I always maintain that they are the real cricketers of this country; more especially that remarkable type of man who is always ready at the end of a telephone to fill a vacancy in the second or third eleven; and who, when he is wanted, never gets a bowl or a bat, and generally misses two gapers.

THE finished Australian article has studied the game from his apprenticeship, and without being over-coached, as is indubitably the case of young men in this country, comes into the highest class of cricket equipped and knowledgeable. The result is that, as a batsman, he has more strokes, as a bowler he has more ideas, and as a fieldsman he has more understanding than the average county cricketer in this country. One of the most hopeless of fallacies is that, whereas the English batsman is a polished maker of all the strokes in the text-book—the kind of player that L. C. H. Palairet was—the Australian is a stubborn, negative kind of batsman, who relies on a grim face and a huge green cap to carry him through. Actually, the best Australian batsmen have always had four, if not more, strokes to every one of our batsmen. Woodfulls and Kelleways, yes, and Collins, and, farther back, a Bannerman there have been, but so, too, does the history of cricket in this country offer many examples of cricketers who revelled in glorious inactivity.

BUT take this present Australian team; judged by the manner in which they have played so far—and where can you find in any team which you would regard as truly representative of our full-strength—batsmen who could compare for stroke production with Ponsford, Bradman, McCabe, Brown, Chipperfield and Bromley? Each one of those could teach most of our players, Hammond always excepted, a great deal in the matter of stroke play. They have strokes for all manner of bowling, and for every known disposal of the field; and what is more, the more important the occasion the more inclined are they to use these strokes. The placing of the field certainly in county cricket is greatly advanced upon what it was twenty years ago; men no longer stand stolidly in a fixed position at point or mid-on, as they did in bygone days; and there are county captains, such as B. H. Lyon, of Gloucestershire, who study the situation as it varies, over by over, in a match, but you all too seldom see a batsman chase the fieldsman about, dictating where he will choose to make his runs; and, equally, you very seldom see a bowler, or his captain, insist that a batsman will not make his runs in this or that direction. A. C. Maclaren, both as a batsman and as a captain of a fielding side, was a master of this policy of imposing his will on the other side. By taking a risk to a fast bowler he would persuade the opposing captain to strengthen the slips, and then plaster the exposed place in the field wherever that man had been taken from. That can be done only by a batsman who has the strokes at his command. Watch these Australians closely; see how they get the field into a state of uncertainty, not quite knowing where the next one will go, even to the third of three identical deliveries, and you can understand why it is they score so much faster than our men. Bradman, even if he is rather an unfair example to take, because he is so very good, hit three balls one after the other from Verity, at Lord's the other day, clean through a ring of five fieldsmen on the offside between point and mid-off.

Don Bradman

An amusing caricature of the Australian batsman, by Banx. It is modelled almost entirely out of one block of wood

BROWN, who is quite a young man, and only playing in his second Test Match, did much the same to three fieldsmen close in on the leg-side, and when in doubt he took his life in his hands and banged the ball over their heads. In England, such an adventurous spirit is not encouraged—it is not done. I know of one public school, which has the assistance of a most illustrious professional as coach, where an offensive stroke is considered a cricketing sin of the first order. It was the wrong stroke to that particular ball, which should have been played with both the batsmen's feet in front of the stumps, and pushed gently back to the bowler, or to mid-off. Is it not a fact that in this country we are over-coached?

R. Pyle and W. A. Paskin, of Sevenoaks Vine, who made 217 runs against Tonbridge's 138

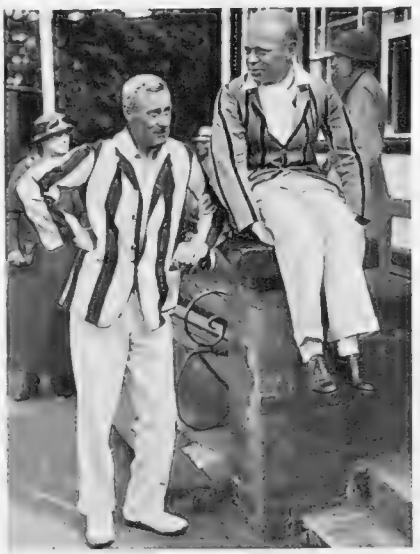
The Sevenoaks Vine XI Go Out to Field

Cricket in Kent

Sevenoaks Vine Defeat Tonbridge

R. Postill demonstrating how he puts a spin on to H. F. Streeten. They both played for Tonbridge

G. N. Leech and T. A. Crawford, of Tonbridge. The match was played on the Vine, at Sevenoaks



The two captains standing at ease: P. E. Bousfield, of Tonbridge, and Geoffrey Durtnall, of the Vines

R. F. Cox and G. H. V. Hooper going out to bat for Tonbridge at the end of the lunch interval

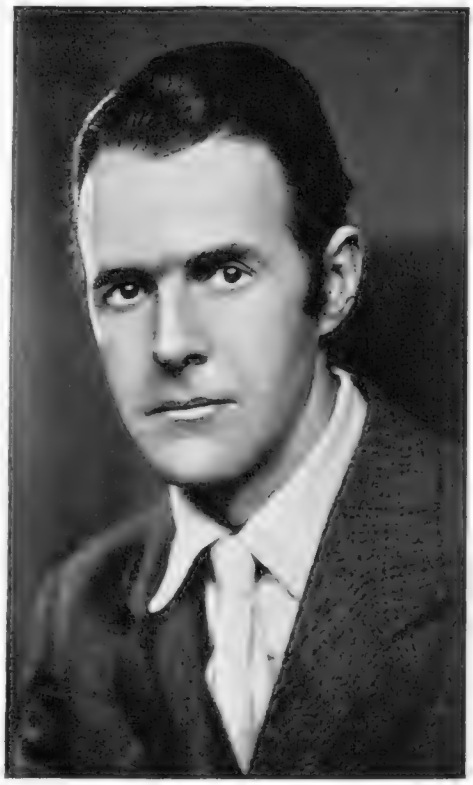
B. W. Hawke, who made 54 for Sevenoaks Vine, Mrs. Wilmer, and the Hon. E. J. Hawke, B. W. Hawke's father, and brother of Lord Hawke

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Mr. Strong's New Novel: By A. G. Macdonell

MR. L. A. G. STRONG has accomplished an astonishing tour de force in his new novel, *Corporal Tune* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*), for it is virtually a monologue of the words and thoughts of a single character, a novelist who is a dying man. Ignatius Farrelly adored his wife, Stella. She died in child-birth, leaving him a son. Farrelly, already seriously ill, looks down at the baby in its cot one day, months later, and suddenly knows that it is not his son. It is exactly like an intimate friend of Stella's. It was the first hint he had ever had that Stella had been unfaithful to him in thought or word, let alone deed. From this point, Mr. Strong rises to heights of emotion and analysis that he has never before reached. A vision of Stella is created for the reader in the thoughts of Ignatius, as he travels up to London for a terrible operation, as he lies in the nursing-home, and as he goes to the operating-table. Her momentary infidelity fades to nothing, and Ignatius dies under the knife in the absolute conviction that Stella is waiting for him, "her arms outstretched, her eyes dancing, absurd smiles of delight chasing one another across her face. He stumbled towards her; and then, with a last flash of earthly knowledge, for an instant before the dark link snapped, he knew that even this was not finality, but that his spirit was about to hear another tune." It is impossible to do justice to Mr. Strong in a short review, to the splendour of his descriptions of the West Highlands, to the sombre chains of thought that he analyses in the mind of Ignatius, and to the evocation of the spirit of the dead girl. *Corporal Tune* is far and away Mr. Strong's best novel so far.

THERE is a fashion in these days for historical novels about small German principalities in the Middle Ages. Feuchtwanger probably started it with his *Jew Süss* (for one cannot pretend that the modern generation of writers is likely to have studied Meredith's *Harry Richmond*). Dozens of them have followed. The reason may be that these petty States are real-life Ruritanias just as interesting and just as improbable as Anthony Hope's, and that the public is tired of imaginary States and will swallow authentic ones. But I have a very shrewd suspicion that there is another reason for this spate of Dukes, Margraves, Landgraves, Burgraves and Electors, and it is this: that these books are very, very easy to write. I believe that the late Mr. Edgar Wallace wrote all his Nigerian stories without ever visiting Nigeria, and if he were alive now (and would that he were, the master-storyteller!) I would back him to write three full-length historical novels about South Germany in a week, without even crossing the Channel. This outbreak of petulance is caused by Mr. Alfred Neumann's new novel, *The Mirror of Fools* (Jarrold's; 7*s.* 6*d.*). For it contains all the old stock characters. How familiar they are. The hard-drinking spendthrift, immoral old Duke; his unfortunate counsellor; his court-jester; the international financier; the mistresses; the indignant lawful wives. They are all here. And there are the same old intrigues, the same shadow of the Holy Roman Emperor in the background, the same murmurings of an oppressed and tax-ridden populace. An



Mr. L. A. G. Strong

Whose new novel, entitled "Corporal Tune," has just been published by the house of Gollancz and is reviewed on this page

interesting literary comparison can be drawn between the French, English, and German way of treating this sort of historical novel. The French way is all Gascony and sparkle and swift adventures, bright sunshine and hard fighting. The English way, as in Weyman or Doyle, is to make everything lead up to the ultimate discomfiture of the villain and the smoothing of the path of true love on the last page. The German post-war method is heavy and brutal, full of the dull obscenities which marred *All Quiet*; crammed with stupid drunkenness, and without a spark of humour. Mr. Neumann's publisher claims that Duke Heinrich is a "superb Falstaffian character," and "a Gargantuan but lovable Don Quixote." From which I gather that Mr. Neumann is a combination of Shakespeare, Rabelais, and Cervantes. I think the case is overstated.

EDWARD BARLOW was that very rare bird, a seventeenth-century able-bodied seaman who taught himself to write and then wrote his reminiscences and kept a diary and illustrated them both with his own hand. By a great piece of good fortune, Mr. Basil Lubbock rescued the MS. from oblivion and has now published a first volume of them under the title *Barlow's Journal* (Hurst and Blackett; 18*s.*). It gives a wonderful picture of the sailor's life in those hard times—surely an unique picture. For all the other contemporary memoirs have been written by the officer-class. This is the true, authentic voice of the fo'c'sle. Bitter complaints come breaking through the descriptions of strange countries and exciting adventures: "We had nothing to our Christmas dinner but a bit of old, rusty salt beef, which had lain in pickle eighteen or twenty months, and a piece of it for three men, about three-quarters of a pound . . . and if they do but speak against it, then they are in danger of being drubbed or beaten with twenty or thirty blows on the back." Or again, "I wish all young men to take any trade rather than go to sea."

Barlow sailed against Algiers, "the greatest Pirates Towne to all Christian Nationes in all the World," and to Brazil with a cargo of Madeira wine, fought against the Dutch at Lowestoft, and shipped for the East Indies and the China Seas. He was captured by the Dutch in the Malacca Strait, and wrecked on the Goodwins. He tried small trading ventures of his own to try to save money for his old age, and had poor luck with them. But in good luck or in bad he tells his tale with the same simple courage and straightforwardness. This is a delightful book, and I hope there are many more volumes to follow.

"ROSE CLARENDON, OR THE TRIALS OF TRUE LOVE (Bell; 5*s.*) is by "a young Indian Author," and it almost deserves to rank with the immortal Onoocool Chunder Mookerjee. For it is a serious romance written in the style of the melodramas of the mid-Victorian era with occasional lapses into modern Americanisms. There is the villain, the abduction, the mortgages, the rescue, the slanders, the reunions and the final embrace; all, in fact, of the dearly-loved machinery of the past. One quotation will fix the style: "A halo of innocence seems to invest her every gesture. Virtue seems to have established her temple in her gentle bosom. And, oh! to bring a tear in her eye—to check a smile upon her luscious lips—to extort a sigh from her pure breast—or to make her beautiful head droop beneath the heavy weight of sorrow—this would be a cruelty of which none save a monster can be capable." *Rose Clarendon* is a lovely nonsense-book, written in desperate seriousness.

We regret that in a recent photograph appearing on this page Mr. Patrick Brunner, the well-known director of the B. and N. Co., which is associated with the film, *Whither Germany?* was wrongly described as Mr. Roscoe Brunner.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

assembled by

JEAN BURNUP

Comtesse de Solages, photographed at home, in Worth's black taffeta evening gown. The skirt lifts in front to show the white organdie petticoat, breaking out into rows of pleated frills, matching her cape

Sales

Swan and Edgar -
Peter Robinson -
Harrods - - -
Woollands - -
Gorringes - -

THERE are honest-to-goodness bargains in every department at Marshall and Snelgrove's during their sale, which continues to July 26th. Four typical examples are sketched above :

A smartly tailored artificial marocain dress, hanging right. Wear it for mornings in town, and all day long in the country. *Three guineas.*

Something French about the second dress ? Of course, it is copied from a French model, in heavy matt crêpe. Various colours and sizes. Débutante department. *Fifty shillings.*

The third is one of those pleasant holiday suits in washing silk, for which every wardrobe has a waiting hanger. Attractive scarf arrangement. *Three pounds.*

And an evening gown in delicate lace. Flowers are at the waist, as they should be, to keep on the right side of fashion. Back movement—also endorsed by fashion—in the cascade of flounces. *Eight pounds.*

The Air

Now	-	Until July 9
July 9	-	- July 21
July 9	-	- July 21
Now	-	Until July 25
Now	-	Until July 16

ABOVE, four rather special bargains from Debenham and Freebody's, whose sale continues to July 21st.

Tailored suit for early autumn wear. Classic coat (for ever the smartest). Inverted pleat back and front of the skirt for grace. In grey, navy, black, and three sizes. *Six pounds.*

Tea-gown, meriting the adjective " gorgeous." Heavy ripple satin. Film star-ish. *Five pounds.*

Evening gown with an on-or-off cape; in a new dull tissue. It has line and elegance. *Seven pounds ten.*

You were waiting for the sales to buy this two-piece in printed crêpe, to see you through the rest of the summer. Various sizes and colours. *Five pounds.*

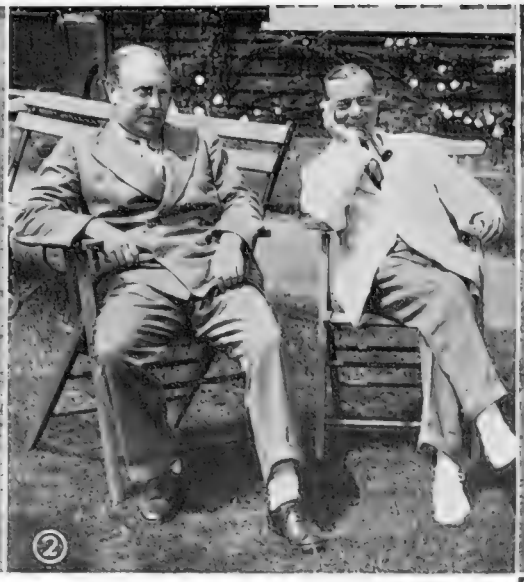
THE four ladies to the left are wearing some of the clothes chosen at random from Harvey Nichols' sale, which goes on to July 28th. And are there bargains from floor to ceiling? Reading from left to right:

Afternoon dress from the Speciality Department. Printed crêpe with frills, where frills should be. *Five guineas.*

Linen suit, always a good buy, in new shades. Tailored with precision. *Sixty-five and nine.*

Wrap-around-you frock, smart, unusual. Plain crêpe. *Four and a-half guineas.*

Evening two-piece, in heavy crêpe, with something about it. Many new colours, and new contrasts. *Three guineas.*



Golf Clubs at Home

Bogey Competition at Betchworth Park, near Dorking

(1) R. H. Letts and C. C. Quiney—the latter returned the best score. (2) W. H. Elce and C. W. Hine. (3) T. J. Wright and O. D. Evans

(4) J. S. Barclay and A. H. Allen. (5) F. Dennis and G. G. Taylor. (6) W. J. Surman and R. G. Surman. (7) M. L. Arnold and S. Mortimer, an ex-Captain and Chairman of the Board of Directors. (8) W. J. Emerson and N. H. D. Hill. (9) Capt. F. A. Maclean, the Secretary, S. Munt, A. N. Allen

Pirate Patrol—Aircraft operating with the Fleet secured the release of British subjects captured by Chinese pirates, an example of the many duties performed by the R.A.F. in peace time

Personalities in the flying field—from r. to l., Commander Perrin, Secretary of the Royal Aero Club, Miss Townley, Captain Cordes, of Handley Page, and Mr. Perrin, Junior, at Hatfield

The British Speed Event of the Year

By Charles Ward

The Race for the King's Cup

THE Displays, R.A.F. and S.B.A.C., are over and we are thinking of the next event in the flying calendar, the race for the King's Cup. Forty-three entries have been made, including several surprises, and many well-known pilots are taking part in the only national air-speed event which attracts a representative field. The handicappers, Messrs. Dancy and Rowarth, have no enviable task, but, as a rule, the most efficient machine and not necessarily the fastest, is the winner. Last year it was a Leopard Moth at 139.5 m.p.h. with de H. himself in the pilot's seat. The Cup has been won in previous years at a higher speed, notably in 1923 and 1925, by a "Siskin" and in 1929 by a Gloster "Grebe," though each of these machines was a Service type, and not intended either for racing or for ordinary civil use. This year, de Havilland's have the largest number of machines entered—which is not unusual, of course—a Dragon Six and twelve Moths, of which the new Coupé Moth is an unknown quantity. Other aircraft whose speed lends special interest to their performance are the Mew Gull, entered by Prince George, pilot, Edgar Percival, its designer; the Airspeed "Courier," with a Napier "Rapier" engine, to be flown by Air Vice-Marshal Borton; the Hendy "Heck," and the Comper "Streak," the latter entered by Lady Wakefield and to be flown by its designer, Fl.-Lt. "Nick" Comper.

Past Winners and Present Pilots

IN addition to Captain de Havilland, two previous winners of the King's Cup are competing next week, Captain H. S. Broad, who won in 1926, when flying a Cirrus Moth, and Captain W. L. Hope, who has carried off the Cup on three previous occasions, 1927, 1928 and 1932. The fastest winner in the past has been Flight-Lieutenant "Dick" Atcherley, who piloted a Gloster "Grebe" into first place in 1929 at 150 miles an hour. So many skilled competition pilots are racing this year that it is difficult to make a selection of those to follow in order to pick the winner. Cathcart Jones, who is flying a Puss Moth, was pilot to the late Commander Glen Kidston on his record flight to the Cape. Flight-Lieutenant Schofield, test pilot for Monospars, flying one of his own machines, and "Tommy" Rose, with a Miles "Hawk," are both old hands at this racing business. Reviewing the complete list, however, there seems a good chance that one of the fastest machines will provide the winner and, of the six which can exceed 160 miles an hour, two, whose pilots I have not yet mentioned, are A. C. S. Irwin, flying a British Klemm "Eagle," and G. W. Ferguson, flying the Hendy "Heck." Both of these machines are fitted with Gipsy Six engines, and their top speed is, so far, a closely guarded secret.

Wakefield Scholarships for Aeronautics

VISCOUNT WAKEFIELD as President of the College of Aeronautical Engineering, has offered two scholarships, each worth £150, to students taking the full course. The next term commences in October, and applications must be submitted on or before July 27th. Candidates should be at least seventeen, and not more than twenty years of age on October 1st next, and must be of British nationality. The syllabus for test papers, together with the form of application can be obtained from the Principal of the College, Mr. C. H. Roberts, at the Engineering School, Sydney Street, Chelsea. Aviation as a career has increasing prospects every year, and the best jobs, as in any other profession, must go to the trained man. In the past we have suffered considerably from amateurs in administrative posts, and it is particularly important that new men on the aerodromes and air routes should be trained engineers. The Chelsea College, with aerodrome facilities at Brooklands, is well constituted to supply the young men who will be needed, now that home airways are developing and feeder lines to the Empire routes are being started abroad. Arrangements are made for students to complete their course by practical work with an approved manufacturer or aircraft operator.

An Atlantic Journey

"MY AIR ARMADA," by Italo Balbo, Hurst and Blackett (18*s*.), is a thrilling story of the journey across the Atlantic and back again, undertaken by an Italian squadron last summer. Air-Marshal Balbo describes the flight with much graphic detail and as the permanent record of the most ambitious formation flight achieved to date, the book is of value. Many good pictures are used to illustrate scenes and incidents on the journey, which was carried out by a hundred officers and men flying twenty-four Savoia type 55, at that time the last word in marine aircraft. Crossing the Alps provided a greater thrill than the passage of the Atlantic, but this is perhaps natural, because flying-boats are not intended for operating over the land. Air-Marshal Balbo proved himself to be a brilliant organiser and an able propagandist for his country. His book is worth reading, if only to gain an insight of the Italian conception of air-power and its possibilities.

The Richmond Golf Club, Sudbrook Park, Petersham

Or, the Golf Club that Holds a Spring Meeting in the Summer

R. W. Williams sloshing

Left and right: Haslewood No. 1 Haslewood No. 2 or the belted earl

Above, right: Maxwell Lyte, of the larger ball fame, and J. H. Dixon, six-foot-three of manhood and eyebrows

G. H. Bittles, better known as "Bitts," going to pieces

Norman Tryer, a past captain of the Club, getting his right leg into the swing

Hedworth Foulkes, the secretary, and Wallace Barr, the captain

Peter Adams and W. N. Saddington cheerfully all-square at the nineteenth

Geo. Harris, the pro.

Arthur Frost, caddy-master, with forty years' good service

Ernest, at the bar

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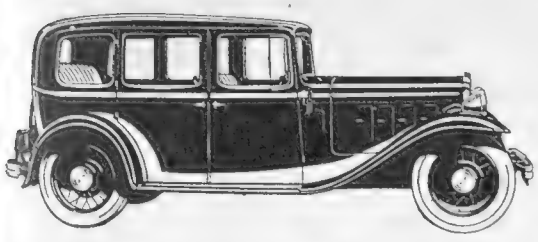

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Women's Golf

"Les Girls"—and the Scottish Championship: By Eleanor E. Helme

Miss Nan Baird (Prestwick St. Nicholas), the new Scottish champion, and Miss Jessie Anderson (Craigie Hill), the runner-up

Three ex-holders of the Scottish title: Miss Jean McCulloch, Mrs. A. Holm and Mrs. J. B. Watson

The Hon. Mrs. Ronald Watson, Mrs. P. C. Swan, Miss V. Middleman and Mrs. John Cook, were four competitors in "The Bystander" Scottish Foursomes at North Berwick

DEAR BYSTANDER,

EVERYBODY here at North Berwick is making searching enquiries about qualifications for the Girls' Championship. That is not because I have been doing anything about it; entries will not open until July 31st, but because the Scottish Championship final was fought out between Past and Present Girl Champions. And the Past won in the person of Miss Nan Baird, who came through the Girls' at Stoke Poges in 1929. It was a right good win, the result of amazing pluck and endurance; nobody can deny that, however much they may praise all that Miss Jessie Anderson had done earlier in the week; and, personally, I have a notion that success is all that Miss Baird has needed to make her into a first-class golfer. I never met a champion with a humbler opinion of herself, and events at North Berwick ought to have done her a world of good. From second reserve to top of the Scottish team will be a sudden jump, but I have firm belief that Miss Baird's temperament can stand it—and her golf, too, if she will hit the ball as smoothly as she did at the end of the final, and leave behind the little jump she sometimes has at the long shots, as well as the stab at the short.

About the beauty of Miss Anderson's style there are no two opinions; nobody in Scotland, and not so very many outside of it, has ever swung a club more perfectly. She has all the shots, and no need ever to mistrust wood through the green, for her specimen of that at the fourteenth in the final was as good as anything all the week. She also has the perfect temperament. Hers has been a remarkable season; runner-up in BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes (only beaten at the nineteenth); semi-finalist in BYSTANDER Scottish Foursomes; winner of the Margaret Scouler Buchanan scratch aggregate in the Scottish Championship score competitions with 78 plus 76, and, finally, runner-up in the Championship itself after winning her first-round match, 9 and 7, then beating Mrs. J. B. Watson (who had beaten the Open Champion, Mrs. Holm), 3 and 2, Miss Robertson Durham, 6 and 5, Mrs. Peel at the nineteenth, Mrs. Percy, 3 and 1.

But all this is running on too fast. I want to start with the dinner which preceded the Championship. Mrs. Dunlop Hill has a genius for that sort of thing, both in her own speaking and in finding others who have the same gift for saying the right thing in the right way. Fifty of us sat down in the Royal Hotel at tables arranged as a St. Andrew's cross, decorated with a model of the North Berwick course, all the Scottish trophies and, towering in the middle, the Open Championship Cup brought over the Border by Mrs. Andrew Holm, in whose honour the dinner was largely held. But she shared honours with Mrs. J. B. Watson, who was given a presentation because she had played in one-and-twenty Scottish Championships, won four of them, been runner-up once, semi-finalist four times; and with Mrs. Dunlop Hill, who was given a presentation on retiring from the Hon. Secretaryship of the Scottish L.G.A. Everybody sang lustily for Mrs. Holm, and Mrs. Watson, and Mrs. Dunlop Hill, and Miss Wilson, and afterwards even fat Sassenachs danced reels till the floor shook. All immensely merry after the anxieties of the Quaich in the morning, when Gullane I. swept off scratch team honours, Gullane II. handicap, and Mrs. J. B. Watson individual with 76. Miss Mary Pearcy won the N.P.F.A. Cup with 76—6=70.

ON the Monday everybody was hard at it again scoring, this time for themselves, not clubs, and Mrs. Greenlees handed in an amazing and beautiful 73, which even the fast-running ground and the L.G.U. tees could not make anything but a wonderful score, par being 76. Tuesday, first and second rounds of the Championship, the chief incident being Mrs. Holm's defeat by Mrs. Watson. The latter played grand golf, while Mrs. Holm still seemed tired out after Porthcawl. Mrs. Greenlees, too, nearly went out to Mrs. Wallace Williamson, Miss Oliver Kay, the New Zealand and Australian champion, did quite to Mrs. George Coats, largely through an unfortunate dislike her putts had conceived for the hole. Next morning more dismissals of champions, owing to the partly unkind way the draw had collected them higgledy-piggledy in the top half. Out went the holder, Miss Millicent Couper, to Mrs. Peel, who played golf of which her adopted county of Surrey can only be immensely proud; out went Miss McCulloch to Miss Robertson Durham, Mrs. Greenless to Mrs. Percy; out, above all, went Mrs. Watson to Miss Anderson, whose iron shots up to the hole, and her beautiful, confident putting were irresistible. And then, in the afternoon, out went Miss Doris Park with a terrible crash to Miss Purvis-Russell Montgomery, and Mrs. Coats fell before Miss Tweedie, who went on putting just as beautifully as she had done to win the BYSTANDER Foursomes the week before; and finally, long after tea-time, Miss Nan Baird took us out for twenty-two holes before she disposed of Miss Mary Pearcy by means of a series of huge putts Next morning, a wonderful pull out of the fire by Mrs. Percy, after being 3 down to Miss Montgomery, and the match of a lifetime in which Mrs. Peel and Miss Anderson bandied 3's at each other, Miss Anderson getting home with one of them at the nineteenth; an eighteenth-hole win by Mrs. Duncan from Miss Tweedie, and a 4 and 2 one by Miss Baird from Mrs. Turnbull. Afternoon semi-finals in which Mrs. Percy gave Miss Anderson no end of a fright, but Miss Baird was too young and fit for Mrs. Duncan. And then the deluge. Apparently it made no difference whether you wore mackintosh trousers, like Miss Baird, or a mackintosh skirt like Miss Anderson, you still came in soaked literally to the skin. How they played so well was a marvel. Miss Baird might have been forgiven if she had metaphorically laid down and died when she was 3 down at the fifth. Instead she played better and better as the match went on, turned only 1 down, twice had the match square, was 1 up at the fifteenth, squared again, and finally holed as good a putt as you might see on any still day for the Championship on the eighteenth.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Dinner on the terrace of The SUMMER SPORTING.

At the SUMMER SPORTING gambling now takes place on the Terrace in the open air—an entirely new idea.

MONTE CARLO BEACH

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

WELL, we won the second Test all right—and without the help of Larwood! Mind you, I 'm not going to crow about this, for I 've a pretty shrewd idea that had no rain fallen our fellows would never have got the Australians out as they did.

Our fast bowlers, Kenneth Farnes and the be-spectacled Bowes, had their limitations fully exposed by "the enemy"; it was Verity—and rain—who came along to make England all square, with three to play.

Anyhow, there it is, the rain *did* come to play all sorts of tricks with the Lord's wicket, and the rest was inevitable. Some of those young Australian batsmen were mightily puzzled by Verity's spinners. They were getting their baptism on an English sticky wicket.

Now, at the end of this week, we 'll be packing our bags for the Old Trafford trek. And we really dour England supporters must hope that Manchester will live up to its rainy reputation, for, as I see it, our main hope of retaining the "Ashes" lies in a wicket suited to the guile of Hedley—or, is it "Deadly"?—Verity!

Manchester, by the way, hasn't let us down very much in the past. Glancing through *Wisden's*, I see that since the first Old Trafford Test in 1884, eight of the thirteen matches played there have been left unfinished; of the others, England won three and the Australians a couple.

By the way, do you remember that epic innings of "Horseshoe"

The Holder of the "Open"

Denny Shute (Llanerch, U.S.A.), the holder of the Open Golf Championship, with his attractive wife, at Sandwich. He returned a score of 73 and 76=149, in the qualifying rounds this year

Above: L. R. Stoefen, the seeded U.S.A. player, Mme. Bella Pons (Spain), and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farrell at the reception at Roehampton to the Wimbledon tennis players

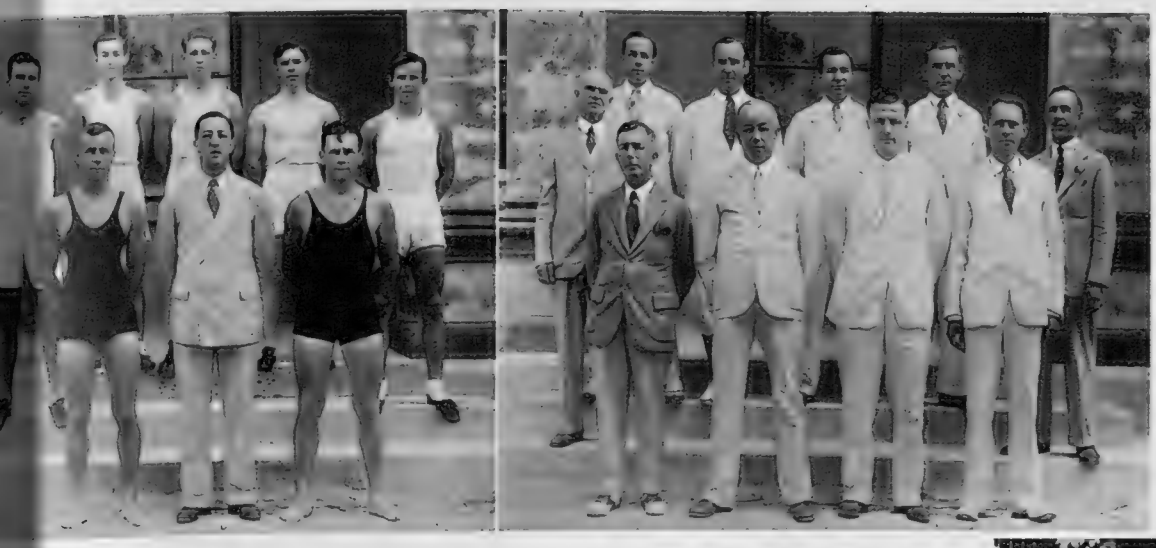
Left: D. Prenn (Russia), who was beaten by Frank Shields in the first round at Wimbledon, E. von Rohrer (Czechoslovakia), beaten by Lysaght in second round, and Mme. von Rohrer

S. E. K. Richardson

Tennis International Day at Roehampton

E. R. Avory (G.B.) and Miss Valda Hall, who have just announced their engagement

Mr. and Mrs. Dyson, Baron von Kehrling (Hungary), who retired in favour of G. C. Frank (U.S.A.) and Miss Joan Ingram



Walter Rutherford. Bermuda

Bermudan Athletes for the British Empire Games

Some of the Bermudan team of athletes who are coming to England next month: (Front row) Leslie Taylor, swimming champion; Mr. H. Griffiths, the trainer; Roy Taylor, diving champion. (Back row) Louis Mowbray, track and swimming; R. A. Card; Frank Peniston, holder of the Bermuda 100 Yards Cup; Stanley Gascoigne and E. Freisenbruch

The Governing Body of the Bermuda Athletic Association: (Front row) Lieut. A. E. Nicholl, R.N.R.; A. F. Christensen, the president; H. J. Rallett, the vice-president; E. L. Gibbons, the treasurer. (Back row) Dr. Frank W. Wattington, J. V. Christensen, L. H. Smart, J. F. Murray (the secretary), P. W. Ashton, and Major T. S. Murdoch

Collins, the old Australian skipper, in the 1921 game at Old Trafford? England were on top when Collins went in to save the game—and he stayed there over five hours for forty runs. Dull cricket? Not a bit of it. Collins' innings was a master-piece in miniature.

Cheery Patsy Hendren, I am reminded, writes of this knock by Collins in his very readable little book, *Big Cricket*. After Collins had been batting for hours, a wag in the crowd yelled to the Hon. Lionel (now Lord) Tennyson: "Tennyson, why don't you recite him one of your grandfather's poems?" In a flash the taunt was capped by another spectator, who called: "He has done. That 's why Collins has gone to sleep."

But this is getting away from the grim realities of the struggle ahead for England, for struggle it is going to be if we get bone-hard wickets again. We must certainly take a look around for another speed specialist: there is Clark, of Northants, fit and well again, and Gover, of Surrey, may get his Test chance.

Gover's big fault just now is a tendency to over-run the crease—didn't he have a dozen or so no-balls given against him the other day?—but he has all the qualities of a successful fast bowler in his make-up. Gover should give some thought to his run-up to the wicket, or take a look at Grimmett, who has only been no-balled once in his life; then he 'll be in the first flight.

THE international "field"—if I may so describe it—at Henley this week, looks pretty formidable. America, of course, leads the foreign challenge with crews bidding for four trophies; and as for the Diamond Sculls, well, a glance down the entries reads something like a session of the League of Nations.

Brazil, Uruguay, Germany, Holland and Czechoslovakia are represented, but a shrewd judge tells me that, on the face of it, we should provide the winner in T. A. Brocklebank. And this despite the presence of H. Butz, the German sculler, who won the Diamonds a couple of years ago.

The fact that Oxford are putting their resources into the Leander and Isis crews rather spoils an intriguing test of strength against the college rowing of the Cam. However, we shall have some sort of idea of how Mr. Peter Haig Thomas has licked Oxford crews into shape since he took over the coaching duties on the Isis. I am told that we may expect to see one or two long-standing Henley records to go by the board within the next few days, due to the unusual conditions rather than to phenomenal

(Continued on page ii)

American Stars

Mrs. Helen Wills-Moody, holder of the Women's Singles Championship, talking to F. X. Shields (U.S.A.)

The Open Golf Championship at Sandwich

Mr. A. W. McClure (Wanstead), Mr. A. L. Bentley (Hesketh), and Mr. C. E. Hardman (Bury)

Mr. W. Tulloch (Cathkin Braes) is with Mr. A. W. White (Western Gaillies)

After the "Open"

By F. G. L. Fairlie

Qualifying for the Open Championship

Above: the American trio waiting to start are Joe Kirkwood, Gene Sarazen, and D. Shute

Above, left: Douglas Grant (Royal St. George's) and Mr. H. E. Taylor (Royal and Ancient) on their way to the fourth tee

Left: B. Laidlow (Malden), G. Gadd (Roehampton), Mr. C. G. Garett (Addington), and Mr. Francis Ricardo

WHEN you look at this page this week, secure in your knowledge as to who has won the Open Championship—unless the daily papers have entered into a joint conspiracy to lie—you will no doubt expect to hear from me just how the title was won and lost, and all about what happened in Championship Week at Sandwich. I must apologise for my inability, until next week, to give you the information which you no doubt desire, but this article has to be delivered to the office in the Strand just when the early starters are finishing their second qualifying round. Usually, in circumstances such as these, I make an attempt to write something about the Championship concerned, but I think that on this occasion I shall break right away and content myself with discussing, next week, what did happen, when all the data will be at my disposal. I feel half-tempted here to mention a few names, amongst which will be that of the man whom you now know to be the winner, but from past and bitter experience I realise that to do so would probably be to prohibit some of my favourites from winning, for it seems quite sufficient for me to venture into prognostication for my selected suddenly and inexplicably to lose all their form at the game. So I will just say that I am hoping for a British victory, while terrified of Gene Sarazen crashing all my hopes.

The Open Championship is the last of the really important events which take place in the golfing season, and those who play golf will now turn to thoughts of holidays with or without their clubs, according to taste. At this time of the year I usually remind you that, if you choose to accompany your clubs somewhere or other, there are certain minor events of a most interesting and amusing character which take place, not only in this country, but abroad.

FIRST of all, if you are going to Scotland, there are a whole series of open meetings, which are the greatest fun imaginable. These take place at Cruden Bay, at Nairn, at Lossiemouth and at Dornoch, and, excepting at Dornoch—where, I understand (I have never had the luck to reach that delightful spot at the right time for the tournament), the event is run on handicap lines—the form of the competition is the same. You start off by playing a thirty-six-hole qualifying round on the first day, which qualifies you to compete in the match-play stages on the two following days, for sixteen qualify to play off by eighteen-hole matches. On the second day the first sixteen play off for the tournament cup, but at Nairn they also run a second sixteen, who play off in their own competition under handicap. This idea might be carried even farther and the whole entry be divided into sections of sixteen, much in the same manner as we divide our own entry in the BYSTANDER Tournament every spring. This would mean that every competitor would be certain of at least two days' golf. As a matter of fact, at Nairn they run a bogey competition for those who do not qualify for either sixteen, so that every competitor is well looked after, and is frequently more than happy to watch the final stages of the tournament on the last day without competing himself.

It must not be thought that the tournament at Nairn, and, indeed, at all those other places which I have mentioned, is holiday golf in the most complete sense of the word. By this I mean that the keenness is just as great as it is in other competitions, and the desire to win is there in all its force, but, all the same, the golf is not played at the ridiculous pace which the word "competitive" seems to put into the game nowadays; and even on the qualifying days I have never known a serious hold-up on the Nairn golf-course. In view of the large entry received, this is a great tribute to the spirit of the meeting.

The tournament at Nairn this year is to be played on the 14th, 15th and 16th of August, and entries close on the 8th. Usually Dornoch immediately follows the Nairn tournament, and Lossiemouth immediately precedes it, so that if you feel inclined to visit three delightful Scottish seaside resorts where your golf may or may not—purely according to your own inclination—be the principal attraction, you will be able, if you so wish, to play light-hearted competitive golf for nearly two weeks on end, as well as to enjoy all the other amenities which these three very beautiful places can offer. These tournaments are really the greatest of fun, and I am quite sure that any of my readers who may care to take my word for it and enter will enjoy themselves as much as they have in any preceding holiday within their memory; I am aware that this is an extravagant claim, yet all that I ask is that I should be proved wrong: I am *that* confident! Actually, at Nairn the entry is usually a very distinguished one, but this need in no way deter the rabbit from entering: all are welcome.

ABROAD there are, of course, the various national championships of the European countries, which are nearly always held some time in the holiday season, in order to attract a British entry. The French Amateur Championship is, this year, late in the autumn, and down at Biarritz, which seems to me rather a pity from the British point of view, as it is both too late in the year and too far away for many to compete. But there is the Swiss Open Championship, which is going to be held for the first time this year, I believe, on August 26th at Lausanne. This will take the form of a thirty-six-hole medal competition, and on the preceding day there are matches between the professionals and ladies, and the professionals and men. There is also, in the following week, a meeting at Divonne, not so very far away from Lausanne, which includes six days of various golf competitions and which should be the greatest of fun.

Golf by the Lake of Geneva in the summer, I am assured, can be delightfully amusing, but I would certainly recommend any of you who may not have made up your minds about your holiday, and who want a little light-hearted golf, tempered with the excitement of a competitive match, to visit the North of Scotland—and certainly not to miss Nairn

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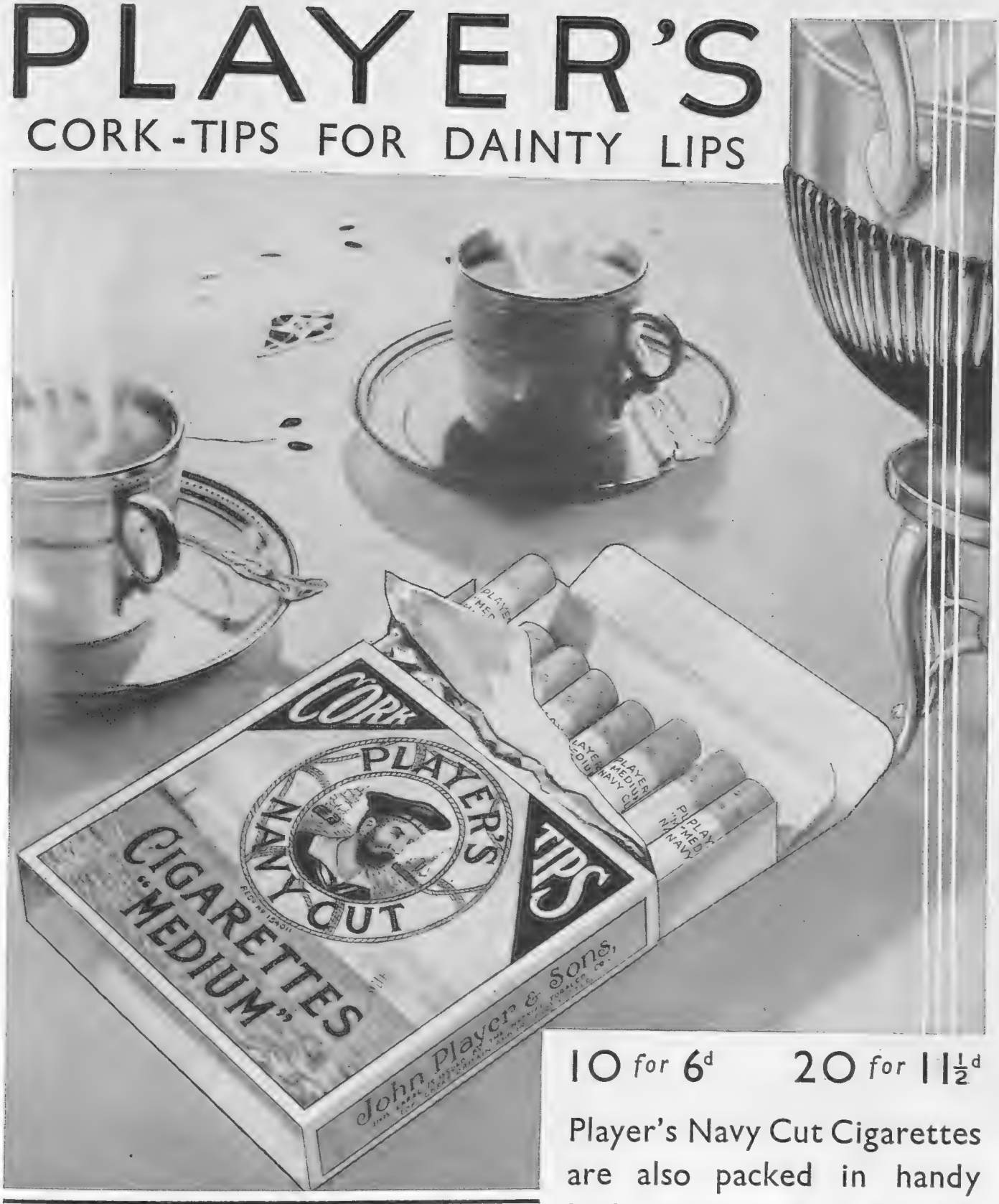

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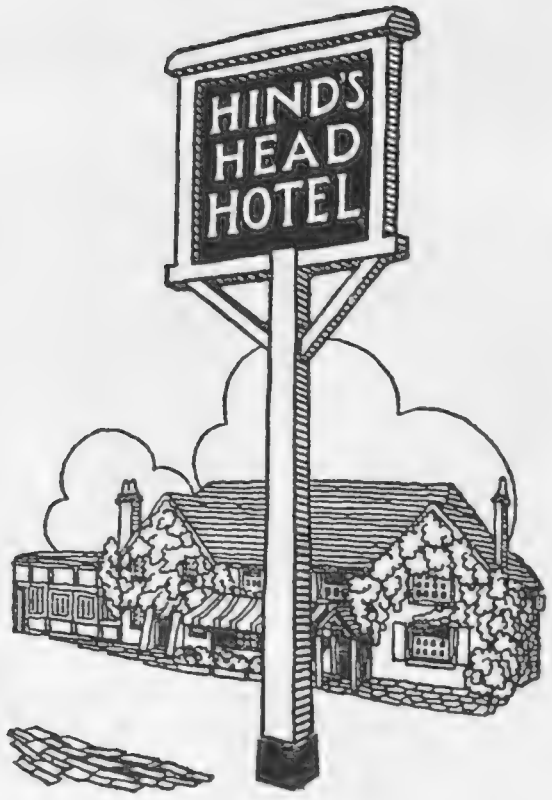

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Members of the Wine and Food Society will find sympathetic understanding of the pleasures and problems of the table awaiting them at the Hind's Head Hotel.

MINE HOST: BARRY NEAME

MAIDENHEAD 567

Sport with the Lid Off *(Continued from page 43)*

work by a particular crew. The drought has made the Thames into a pond, and I gather that there is little or no stream. You don't need me to tell you what that means; anyhow, all the rowing men with whom I have chatted these last few days are expecting to see some extraordinarily fast times.

Just how conditions help was demonstrated during the practice for the Cambridge "Mays." Then, you may remember, Jesus clipped six seconds off their previous best figures of 6 min. 58 sec., while Pembroke also came along with some pretty fast times. These college crews may make things hot for the tideway brigade this year, though London, with practically the same crew that won last year, are said to be rowing better than ever.

BY this time, of course, we have got a very fair idea of who's who at Wimbledon, though the ultimate winners of the titles still remain to be found. And even when the champions are found, will they be the world's best in lawn tennis?

I am led to ask this question after reading Fred Perry's very excellent book, *My Story*. Perry writes with immense gusto; he is a young fellow who enjoys life hugely . . . and life to him is tennis. Yet with it all, Perry seems to have a vague doubt at the back of his mind whether, as an amateur, he is losing the gold of his golden years. He does not say so in as many words, of course, but the feeling is there right enough.

As I see it, Perry would not take long to join the money-ranks of tennis . . . always providing, that is, he were able to compete in tournaments open to amateurs and professionals alike. And such competitions, we know, are now frowned upon by the mandarins of tennis!

Why not open tournaments, anyhow? It is fallacious to think that the ultimate winner of the men's singles at Wimbledon is world champion when such men as Ellsworth Vines, Henri Cochet and "Big Bill" Tilden are barred from competing. As Perry says, the six leading professionals would beat the leading half-dozen amateurs.

We may, of course, deprecate the spread of professionalism in tennis; but the only cure is too drastic—it would mean the game going back to the vicarage garden stuff. Truth is, tennis has outgrown its long clothes. It is no niminy-piminy game, even though my good friend, Howard Marshall, holds it such! It is now terrifically intense: to be candid, it requires much more than the amateur can give either in time or money . . . and its growth seems to lie in the extension of professionalism.

AND now, paradoxical as it may seem, I'm going to deplore the fact that the amateur ranks in cricket are slowly but surely dwindling. But let me say, right away, that there's a heap of difference between tennis and cricket: your tennis "pro" cannot adopt ca' canny methods, but your cricketer can—and very often does. So we want amateurs to bring back that spice of adventure so sadly lacking in many of our county sides this summer.

Where can we find them? That's the question, for our young fellows to-day do not seem to have the time to spare for the long campaign of county cricket. The ever-decreasing number of amateurs is a commentary on our times—youngsters have to get down to the grim realities of work, and the proud father who could once give his son an allowance to go off a-cricketing is now merely keeping the income-tax wolf from the door.

So, very steadily, we are seeing county sides being skippered by professionals. Sussex have put an all-professional team into the field under the captaincy of cheery Tate; Notts have been led by Lilley, and Warwickshire have had Bates as their captain in the absence of R. E. S. Wyatt on Test duty. Mind you, they are all good fellows—your professional cricketer cannot be beaten as a type—but have they the natural instinct for leadership? Somehow, I think not.

AND now for some Rugby, the great stronghold of amateurism to-day. All Rugger followers will agree with me when I say the Rugby Union has done a fine stroke of work in persuading Cyril Lowe to join the Selection Committee. He succeeds the late Eng.-Rear-Admiral Roberts, and becomes the fifth member.

A great fellow is Lowe. Not only was he one of the finest wing three-quarters England ever had—shall we ever forget the sight of that courageous little figure dashing across from one wing to the other to stop an advance with a terrier-like tackle?—but he is an extremely shrewd judge of the game. He has done a tremendous amount of work for the game in the Royal Air Force; and now, when so few people have the time to devote to team selection duties, the Union are very fortunate to enlist his services in the greater cause of England.

HATS off to the American polo players now over here! By the time the season ends they will have spent something like £5000 from their own pockets to provide us with one of the best and brightest polo seasons for a long time. This Aurora team—H. E. Talbott, E. J. Boeseke, P. H. Knox and W. H. Post—let it be said, brought thirty ponies over with them. And at their own expense!

I hear nothing but praise of them. They are a fine side and a very sporting crowd. Their visit has not only had the effect of raising our standard of play, but has helped us to a newer understanding of our cousins "across the pond."

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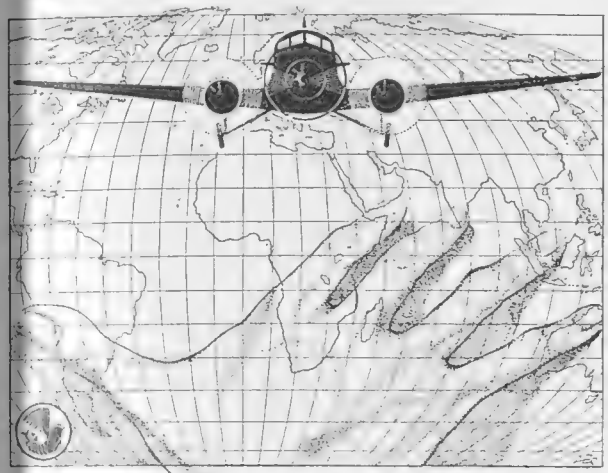

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The Editor's Box

Cotton on Steel Shafts

THE "BYSTANDER" strongly commends to its golfing readers of both sexes a pocket treatise by Henry Cotton called "Hints on Play with Steel Shafts," which has just been issued by Messrs. British Steel Golf Shafts, Ltd. It was the True Temper Master step-down shafts, correctly balanced and with the right heads, which converted Cotton from hickory. How well they suit him is revealed by his current form. "Steel shafts are easier to play with and have helped the average golfer even more than the terrific improvement made in the qualities of the golf ball," he writes. In this little book, which is illustrated with excellent photographs, Cotton expounds his own sound theories and practice briefly but clearly. He starts with his own orthodox grip, describes the address, with its rather narrow stance, and the all-important "Inside Out" method of hitting the ball. This, combined with a rhythmic pivot and perfect hip-control, is the key to Cotton's golf.

Faults like over-pivoting, over-swinging, and scooping are graphically illustrated, and the whole business of iron play—hitting down and through, pitching and running, bunker play, putting, and so on—is set out in the clearest possible manner and the minimum number of words.

Travel in Italy

The June issue of *Travel in Italy*, that interesting Italian official tourist publication, has an article which describes Italy's exceptional attractions for summer holidays—the two mountain zones of the Alps and the Apeninnes, seaside resorts with perfect scenery and safe bathing, and splendid facilities in all the leading centres for golf, tennis, boating, swimming, fishing, and all the most up-to-date amusements. It mentions also the excellent roads everywhere, thanks to Signor Mussolini, the cheapness of railway travel, with 70 per cent. and 50 per cent. ticket reductions for foreigners, of hotel charges, varying from 9s. to 16s. a day, according to hotel and season, of food and wine (a good restaurant meal can be had for 4s., and a bottle of wine for 2s.), of taxis, of cinemas and theatres. These, and the certainty that a room, once booked, is really reserved for the "bookee," are a few of the more material facts that make the prospect of a holiday in Italy so alluring.

Englishman Wins Golf Cup in Vichy

One of the early season sporting events in Vichy is the Giardarnau Cup, on the golf links, on June 7th and 8th. The competition this year brought out sixteen players. The cup was won by an Englishman, Major L. H. Gay, with the score of 145, while the Ladies' Prize also went to a player from across the Channel, Mrs. Warren, with a score of 152.

A number of Britishers have been enjoying the fine weather in the famous French spa. At the Hotel des Ambassadeurs Mr. Philip Herbert, Mr. J. Gordon, Mr. Walford and Mrs. Salmon, of London, are all stopping, and at the same establishment are Mrs. Whistler, of Andover, Mrs. Musgrove, of London, Mrs. Lodge, of Eastbourne, and Mrs. Spear, of Camberley. At the Hotel du Parc Mr. David K. Hall, of Eastbourne, Mrs. Louise Sassoon and Mrs. George Veil, of London. Sir Geoffrey Archer, former Governor of the Soudan, has been playing regularly on the Vichy links. Sir Geoffrey was staying at the Hotel du Parc.

Major L. H. Gay, the winner of the Giardarnau Cup, played on the Vichy Golf Course early in June

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, *346, Strand, W.C.2, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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"The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—Cedric Hardwicke and Edith Evans continue to act inimitably in the play about the lost masterpiece of a dead artist: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Leslie Banks excellent as Clive, the man of adventure; Gillian Lind equally good as his wife, in a historical drama of action and power: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.—Elmer Rice's breathlessly energetic play, with Hugh Miller excellent as the Counsellor, Elspeth Duxbury as his secretary, and a cast that keeps going at top pace: Piccadilly, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE COUNTRY WIFE.—Wycherley's amusing indecencies and nimbly-phrased innuendoes revived, with George Grossmith as Horner: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ESCAPE ME NEVER!—Elizabeth Bergner, victim of Sanger egotism in Margaret Kennedy's slender comedy, imbues her part with all the vitality, variety and inimitable gaiety and pathos of her personality and art: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LIBEL!—A legal play that 's as tense as most crook stuff, with Nigel Playfair and Leon M. Lion, as the K.C.s, Malcolm Keen and Frances Doble: Playhouse, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

LIVING DANGEROUSLY.—First-class entertainment, including a good trial scene with the Medical Council; Godfrey Tearle as the doctor-hero, Martin Walker as the villain, Carol Goodner as the wife: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

MEETING AT NIGHT.—Roger Livesey as a record-breaking airman, Leonora Corbett as a publicity-hunting Society beauty, and lots of rather uncontrolled journalists and gossip-hunters: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

MEN IN WHITE.—Sidney Kingsley's Pulitzer Prize play, with a cast of doctors and all scenes set in a hospital; Robert Douglas, Lewis Casson, Jill Esmond, Joan Marion: Lyric, 8.15.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM: Open Air Theatre, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

OHEL.—The Palestine Theatre present a series of plays: Scala, 8.30.

QUEEN OF SCOTS.—Gwen ffrangçon-Davies is charmingly wayward, but without fire, as Mary, Laurence Olivier too good-looking for the rough Bothwell, Glwn Byam-Shaw a petulant Darnley; this is history interestingly painted on a drawing-room canvas: New, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL.—Stratford-on-Avon. Nightly at 8. Matinées, Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SIXTEEN.—A play as delightfully acted as written, about a girl (Antoinette Cellier) who resents the marriage of her mother (Fabia Drake) to a second husband (Owen Nares): Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

TOUCH WOOD.—Ian Hunter as the middle-aged husband, Dorothy Hyson as the girl who gives him a glimpse of renewed youth, Marie Ney as the unselfish wife, in C. L. Anthony's comedy: Haymarket, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VILLAGE WOOING.—Shaw at his gayest, admirably played by Sybil Thorndike and Arthur Wontner, coupled with *The Little Man*, a satirical trifle by Galsworthy: Little, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

CONVERSATION PIECE.—Yvonne Printemps, witty, mocking, always delightful, as the heroine of Noel Coward's Regency play; Pierre Fresnay takes the part of the elderly Duke; perfect décor and dresses: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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HAPPY WEEK-END.—A musical farce, with nice tunes, and comedy-bubbles blown by the two Hungarians, Magda Kun and Steve Geray, and Louise Browne leading the English team: Duke of York's, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, and Fred Emney as its further supports: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PICCOLI.—Podrecca's famous marionettes: Fortune, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPORTING LOVE.—A new all-laughing success, with Stanley Lupino as king laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean, and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?—Nelson Keys, Florence Desmond, and the Diamond Brothers are the high-lights of this star-ish revue: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE PRIVATE ROAD.—John Tilley gloriously funny as an amorous ex-schoolmaster, Edwin Styles neatly humorous as his rival, Dorothy Dickson as the attractive rose between two thorns: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.—A comedy of "bundling" in Declaration-of-Independence America, delightfully acted by the successful New York cast, with Peggy Conklin and Tonio Selwart as heroine and hero: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Wed., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Bernard Lee has now taken Robert Douglas's part: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks carries the play by being his inimitable self as the gay grandfather who marries a young wife (Claire Luce); Julia Neilson excellent as his mother: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Night

THE MAITLANDS.—By the late Ronald Mackenzie; John Gielgud, Jack Hawkins, Sophie Stewart, and Catherine Lacey head the cast; the action 's in an English seaside town: Wyndham's, July 4th.

BALLET

BALLETS RUSSES DE MONTE CARLO.—All last year's favourites, with four new ballets as well, danced by Riabouchinska, Danilova, Baronova, Massine, Woizikovsky, and the rest; the L.P.O. plays, conducted by Kurtz and Dorati: Covent Garden, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LA NIJINSKA'S RUSSIAN BALLET.—Anton Dolin, Ruth Chanova, Nina Tichonova are among the leading dancers; Albert Coates is the artistic director: Coliseum.

CINEMAS

BLACK MAGIC.—A picture of the natives of Bali—their life, customs, superstitions—with a love-story interwoven: Polytechnic.

CHANGE OF HEART.—The new Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell film is for the sentimental romantics: Capitol.

EVER GREEN.—Jessie Matthews has her own part in the film version of C. B. Cochran's revue, with Sonnie Hale playing opposite: New Gallery.

HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.—George Arliss in his finest part. This is Hollywood's answer to *The Private Life of Henry VIII.*: Tivoli.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT.—Claudette Colbert as the spoilt darling, Clark Gable as her he-man in a comedy that 's perfect entertainment: Marble Arch Pavilion.

IT 'S A COP.—Sydney Howard's latest bit of humour and nonsense: Leicester Square Theatre.

LIEBES KOMMANDO.—A Viennese comedy, with Dolly Haas as the girl who served in an Austrian regiment, and Gustav Froeblich as the man she falls in love with: Academy.

THE LOVES OF ARIANE.—Elizabeth Bergner does some exquisite acting as a young Russian girl who falls in love with a "man of the world": Rialto.

MANDALAY.—A romance with Kay Francis as the star. *Jimmy the Gent* is a James Cagney film: Regal.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS.—A George Burns-Gracie Allen comic, with Joan Marsh, and Guy Lombard and his Royal Canadians: Plaza.

MURDER AT THE VANITIES.—A musical-comedy thriller, with a murder, excellent comedy, and lots of girls and music woven into the well-fitting plot; Victor Maclaglen, Carl Brisson, Jack Oakie, Kitty Carlisle: Carlton.

THE THIN MAN.—Melodramatic stuff, with William Powell, Myrna Loy, and Maureen O'Sullivan: Empire.

TOGETHER WE TWO.—Annabella in a less successful film than those René Clair made for her. *The Guardsman*, the Alfred Lunt-Lynn Fontanne film, thoroughly merits this revival: Curzon.

DANCING AND DINING

In London

BLUE TRAIN.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays for both; extension night, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Pearl Rivers and some girls in a song-and-dance show, and E. Lepore, the Italian tenor, sings; Louis Simmonds and his band play: extension, Friday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Dare Lea's band plays, and there 's always a good cabaret.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Marion Harris, "the inimitable," is back here again; Howard Jacobs and his band make dance music: extension night, Wednesday.

CHATHAM GRILL.—Good food and good wine, with no music, for lunch, dinner, or supper: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—The Paradise Club Girls dance, with Sunny O'Dea and Marguerite and Leroy, as stars; Jack Jackson's band plays. One can dine outside on the terrace: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The Grosvenor Gaieties dance and sing at dinner and supper; Moscheto's and Syd Lipton's bands: extension night, Thursday.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Douglas Byng is again in residence every midnight; Jock Harris and Lew Stone play for dancing: extension night, Thursday.

PICCADILLY HOTEL.—Omar, a dancer, Francis Smith, a Spanish dancer, Dolly and Hearn Lewis, entertainers, provide the cabaret: extension, Friday.

ROMANO'S.—Authentically Bohemian; the cabaret is an all-dancing one.

HOT-WEATHER BALL.—In aid of the Uniacke Club for Soldiers and Airmen: Hyde Park Hotel, to-night.

GOLDEN BALL.—In aid of the Throat, Nose and Ear Hospital: Dorchester, July 5th.

TENNIS BALL.—Lady Wavertree's ball in aid of Wallingford Children's Home and London School for the Blind: Grosvenor House, July 9th.

(*Continued on page* C)

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What's On

(Continued from page B)

DANCING AND DINING

Out of London

ACE OF SPADES, Kingston By-Pass.—Swimming all night; dancing till 3 a.m. to Percy Chandler's band: cabaret on Saturday.

ACE OF SPADES, Great West Road.—The new large swimming-pool is now open; restaurant.

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Oxford v. Cambridge: Lord's, July 9th-11th.

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SHOOTING.—N.R.A. Imperial Meeting: Bisley, from July 9th.

POLO.—Inter-Regimental Tournament: Hurlingham, to July 7th.

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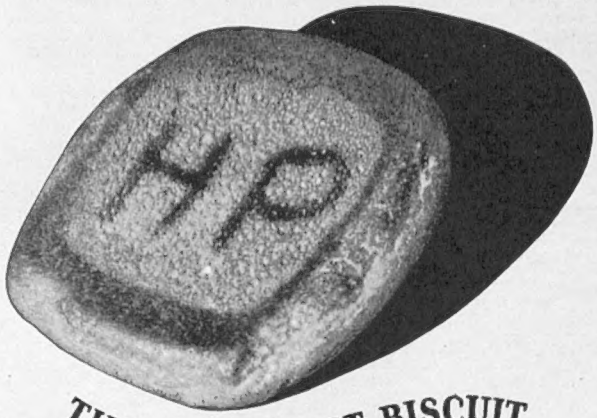

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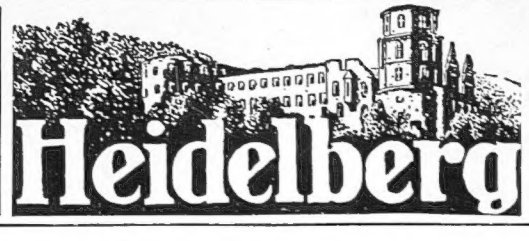

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